

March 13, 1926

Coming Events

LT.-COLONEL TAYLOR
(Field Secretary)
katon Sat.-Mon., March 14-15
(Young People's Day)

LT.-COLONEL McLEAN
cover VI Sun.-Wed., Mar. 17-19
Westminster Sun.-Thurs., Mar. 21-25
nimo Sun.-Wed., Mar. 28-31

BRIGADIER SIMS
katon Sat.-Mon., Mar. 17-19
nonton Sat.-Mon., Mar. 20-22

STAFF-CAPTAIN TUTTE
ose Jaw Sat., Sun., Mar. 13, 14

STAFF-CAPTAIN MERRITT
isfail Sat.-Sun., Mar. 13, 14
nonton Sat.-Sun., 20, 21
(Y.P. Councils)
nonton Sun.-Mon., 28, 29

STAFF-CAPTAIN OAKE
nonton Fri., Sat., March 12, 13
katon Sun., Mon., March 14, 15
ina Tues., March 16
ose Jaw Wed., March 17

COMMANDANT CARROLL
isfail Mar. 13 to 19
h River Mar. 20 to 26
hbridge Mar. 27 to April 2

Bandmen's Councils at Regina

Further Details of Memorable Gatherings

very memorable indeed were the Annual Band Councils for the Northern and Southern Saskatchewan divisions, which were held in Regina February 21. These were led by Colonel Knott, assisted by Major Joy, and Mrs. Gosling, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Tutte, Adjutant Steele and other Officers. Representative bandmen from Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Swift Current and Indian were present.

The Musical Festival on Saturday at the City Hall Auditorium was very good. It was presided over by Major Gosling. In addition to a number of individual items the bands rendered "The Firing Line" March, under the leadership of Master Henderson of Regina, and "My Heroes," under the baton of Master Robert of Moose Jaw. Regina I Songsters, under Song-leader Payne contributed, "We'll let the Old Flag Fall," and "Out and Shout." Items rendered by the Regina I Band were "The Imperial Flag" and "My Portress," "Songs of Britain." The Moose Jaw Band contributed "Collingwood" "American Melodies." Adjutant Steele gave a Bible reading.

The Councils on the Sunday, held at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, were wonderfully successful. Messages of greeting were read from the Winnipeg Band and from the Cadet Band. Adjutant Steele read a paper "The Purpose of Army Bands" and for Joy one on "Bands and Constitutional Singing."

The Day of Devotion on the Monday led by Major Joy, was a time of blessing and inspiration. The services took place in the Citadel. Morning congregations were presided over by Mrs. Major Gosling. She read the Scriptures and spoke of faith on Holiness, and Ensigns Sherrin Cooper testified. In the afternoon Carwell and Ensign Merritt, and Staff-Captain Tutte gave bright testimonies.

On the night the Citadel was crowded. Tutte read the Scriptures, for which Major Gosling dedicated his daughter to Ensign and Mrs. Merritt. The address delivered by Major Gosling was very helpful. Before the close of the Meeting one seeker at the Cross—W.G.W.

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

WILLIAM BOOTH FOUNDER

BRAMWELL BOOTH GENERAL

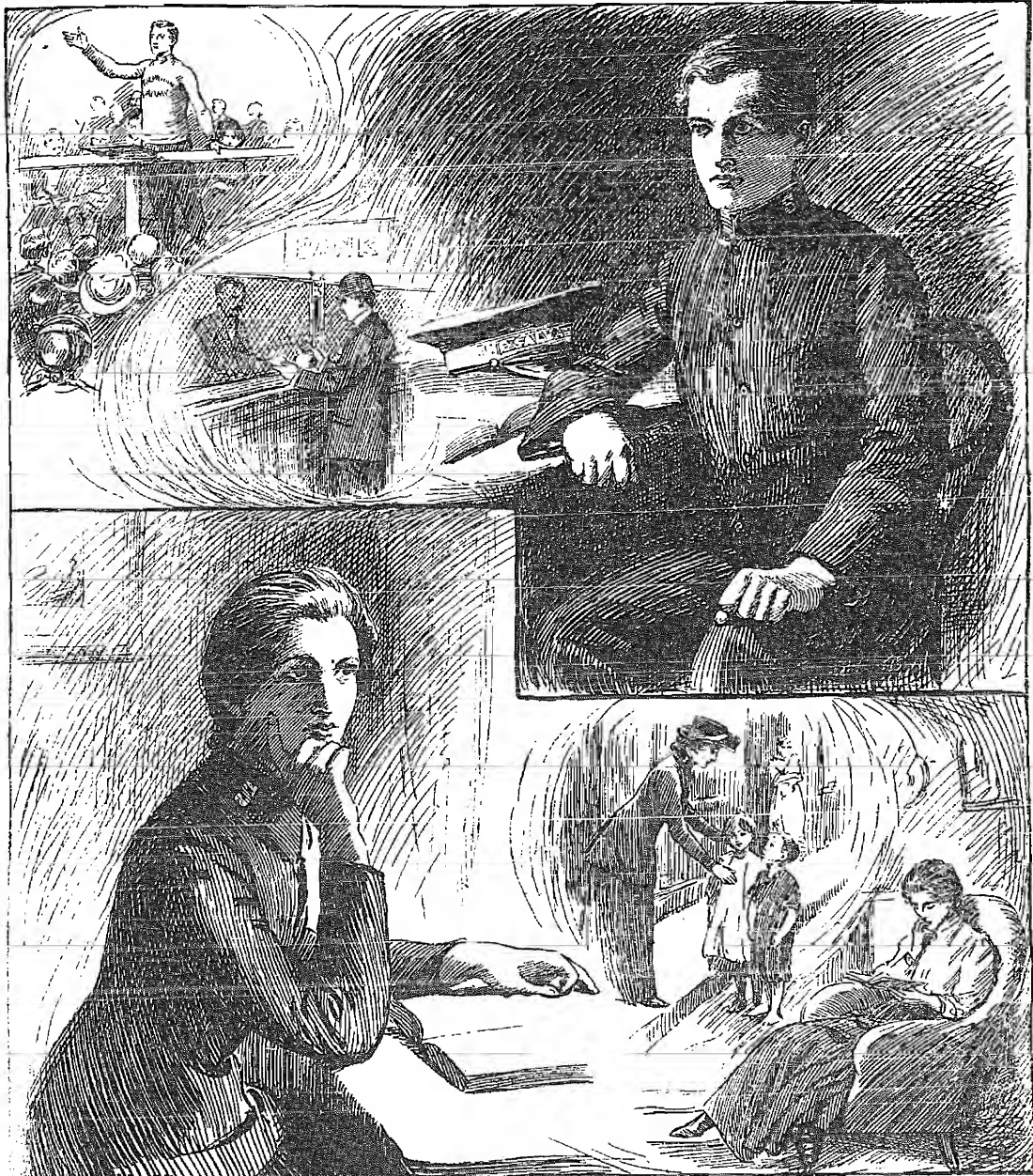
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



MY FUTURE—WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH IT?

Young man—Commercialism or soul saving? Young woman—Selfish ease or sacrifice for others? (See page 2)

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, II Chron. 6:1-14. "The glory of the Lord filled the house." God's people had prepared Him a dwelling place of costly beauty. They had dedicated it to Him with sacrifices and thanksgiving. Then they saw His cloud descend and His glory fill the place.

The same Divine glory shall flood your heart and mine as we humbly and sincerely prepare and offer it to Him for "an habitation of God through the Spirit."

Monday, II Chron. 6:1-11. "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart." Although the Lord could not accept David's offer to build Him a house He did appreciate and accept the love and gratitude which prompted the gift. The great Searcher of hearts recognizes and rewards the good we sincerely intend even when we cannot carry it out. What comfort is here for those debarred from Salvation Army Officership or some other longed-for special form of service.

Tuesday, II Chron. 6:12-23. "That thine eyes may be open upon this house day and night." While the Temple lasted the Jews looked to it as the house of God, the place where His presence specially rested. Their national life was bound up with its glories and its ceremonies. But the Saviour has taught us that "God is a Spirit and so can be truly worshipped wherever a loving heart seeks to know and do His will."

Wednesday, II Chron. 6:24-33. "Concerning the stranger." Solomon was far ahead of his times in his thought and care for those who were not Jewish. A greater than Solomon said: "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." This week at work or in the Corps you may meet strangers, people who are new and perhaps lonely. Be kind to them, giving them at least a smile or a word of cheer.

Thursday, II Chron. 6:34-42. "Hear thou from the Heavens." This appealing refrain of Solomon's wonderful prayer did not rise unheeded. God promised to lend a listening ear to all who voiced their needs in His House of Prayer. (Ch. 7:14-15).

When we pray we too expect God to listen to us. Humbly and reverently then should we enter His presence and thoughtfully and sincerely present our petitions. "Lord, teach us to pray!"

Friday, II Chron. 7:1-11. "Glad and merry in heart for the goodness that the Lord had showed." God's people should be noted for merry hearts and happy faces. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life" they can confidently sing. Glad religion will attract others from the empty joys of the world to seek our satisfying Saviour.

Let us then with gladness mind, Praise the Lord for He is kind, For His mercies eye endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

Saturday, II Chron. 7:12-22. "If thou wilt... then will I." God gave to Solomon glorious promises concerning the Temple but He made it very clear that their fulfillment depended on His people's loving obedience to His commands. Some one has said, "There is no experience in life by the side of which God has not fixed a promise." It is equally true that there is no promise in God's word alongside which He has not fixed a condition. Only as we fulfil the condition can we lay claim to the promise.

The Upward Look

During the last illness of the saintly Dr. Payson a friend came to see him and said: "Doctor, I am sorry to see you on your back. I hope it may be for only a short time." "Do you know why God puts us on our backs?" asked Dr. Payson. "No," was the reply. "In order that we may cultivate the habit of looking upward," softly returned the good old man.

WANTED—A MAN

By ADJT. T. MUNDY, Assistant Candidates' Secretary, T.H.Q.

"Here am I, for thou didst call me" I Sam. 3:5.

"There are so many kinds of voices in the world."

HOW TRUE these words are in the light of the present day. Voices everywhere! The voice of sorrow, the voice of joy; the voice of pleasure, the voice of duty; the voice of ease, the voice of toil; the voice of childhood, the voice of age; the voice of life, the voice of death; the voice of self; the voice of poverty, and the voice of wealth. In short; the voices of the world, the flesh and the devil, and—the voice of God! Well may it be said:

"God give us a man—a time like this demands—"

Great hearts, strong minds, true faith, and willing hands." There are ceaseless voices ever crying; appeals from every walk of life—entreaties for Men! The world has a standing advertisement over the door of every occupation; ever calling: "Wanted—A Man."

Can you not hear the cry from the business world? Law, politics, medicine, education, invention, exploration, and every walk of life? "Give us Men—Men at any price!" To meet this insatiable plea an ever-increasing army of young men are on the march. See them march to school, to college, and many to our universities from whence they are quickly absorbed by the clarion calls of the world. So we find a constant stream of our choicest and best young manhood wending its way "onward, ever onward" at the bidding of a voice, and rightly so if that voice calls to the pathway of service and usefulness.

Why not the best for the cause of Christ? Does His voice not call? Has not God ever sought to win back men to himself through human agency? Think of the long line of prophets up to the time of Christ and his messengers since. Has there ever been a period when He was without a witness on earth? Has He not ever been seeking for men, and—finding them?

"As Jesus passed from thence, He saw—a man—and He said unto him: 'Follow Me.' And he arose and followed Him."

Note what he saw—A MAN. And He still passes along seeing men.

"The self-same voice is here to-day, calling for men in the self-same way—'Follow thou Me.'"

But how few men respond to that Call. Well may John Oxenham write:

"What we lack and sorely need,
For want of which we bleed and bleed,
Is men of a more godly breed.
Men of wide and godly vision,
Men who shrink not at derision,
Men whose souls have wings."

Young men! Bandsman—Songster—Company Guard—Soldier, what VOICE have you heard above the din of earthly strife? Has the Man of Galilee passed your way and seen in you—a man? And has that VOICE penetrated the depths of your being; so much so, that it is written in letters of gold on your memory's skyline—"Follow Me"? If so, then you are honored above men and yours is a vast responsibility.

So the voice of God calls through the Salvation Army in Canada West for MEN. Men who are saved from the fleeting pleasures of this world. Men of courage who have unstopped the ears of their soul to the cry of need all around them. Men who will choose the Cross-bound way; who will willingly become "poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, yet possessing all things." Such God-called men are needed for the next Training Session. Will YOU, having heard the call of God, make the life-long choice and give YOURSELF without reserve to the great vocation of soul-saving? If so, ask your Corps Officer for the necessary papers and without further delay "sign up" NOW! Then you will be able to sing from your innermost soul:

"Should my days be few or many,
Should my strength be great or small,
Be my talents two or fifty,
Jesus, Thou shalt have them all."

I OUGHT TO BE A CANDIDATE

REALIZATION OF THE RESPONSIBILITY of the love of Christ, shown by His dying for my sins, HAS CONVINCED ME I ought to offer myself as a Candidate for Training for Officership.

Name

Address

Corps

Fill up and send to the Divisional Commander (address obtainable from any Corps Officer), or to Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Man.

All For Thee

THOU hast no tongue O Christ, as once of old
To tell the story of Thy love divine,
That story still so strange, so sweet,
So true,
But there's no tongue to tell it but mine.

Thou hast no hands O Christ, as once of old
To feed the multitudes with Bread divine;
Thou hast the living Bread enough for all,
But there's no hand to give it but mine.

Thou hast no feet O Christ, as once of old
To go where Thy lost sheep in a pine,
Thy love is still as strong, as true, as kind,
But now Thou hast no feet to go but mine.

And shall I use these ransom'd powers of mine
For things that only minister to mine?
O take my tongue, my hands, my feet, my all,
And let them live, and give, and go for Thee.

A Noble Spirit

The spirit, "return good for evil," which was taught by Christ, was on one occasion truly shown by Count Okuma, a former Prime Minister of Japan. The Count had won for himself a period of unpopularity because of his genuine frankness in criticising certain tendencies among the people of his country, and this made for him many enemies. One day a bomb was thrown into his carriage and he was seriously injured so that his life was saved only by the amputation of a leg. After the death of the assassin, who committed suicide, flowers were placed on his grave on those days when Japanese specially remember their dead. The suggestion that the bomb-thrower might have belonged to a group of anarchists led to investigation and the discovery that the flowers were placed on the grave by none other than Count Okuma, who feared that others might be deterred from paying his late enemy the usual respect dear to Japanese traditions.

A Wonderful Day

That was a wonderful day when Andrew brought Peter to Christ. Peter was Andrew's brother in the flesh, but his son, as it were, in the faith; and three years later Andrew rejoiced over three thousand spiritual grandchildren through "his own brother Simon." One testimony, one hundred and twenty intercessors, three thousand converts in one day!

Transparent in Character

In the cathedral of St. Mark in Venice there are pillars said to have been brought from Solomon's temple. These are of alabaster, a substance firm and durable as granite, and yet transparent, so that the light glows through them. Is not this an emblem of all true saints—transparent in character, strong and upright?

Timely Advice

If you are impatient, sit down quickly and talk with Job.
If you are just a stronghead, read about Moses.
If you are getting weak-kneed think about Elijah.
If there is no joy in your heart, listen to David.
If you are a policy man (i.e., a wobbler), read Daniel.
If your faith is low, read Paul.
If you are getting lazy, watch James.
If you are losing sight of the future, climb up the stairs of Revelation and get a glimpse of the Promised Land.

The How the Army

THE sweet scent of flower fields stretching far across land; a lazy windmill turning the cloudless blue; suns shadows of waving trees dappling white lane along which outbeamed cars is swiftly plunges and crunches through the brook and mounts the hills. Splash! Splash! A series of as the Divisional Commander, followed by the Treasurer and the char-a-banc full of Bandsmen in turn take the Its cool spray descends in shower on the dusty campaign speed slackens not. For the our forty-mile run from the centre is in sight. That the trees and cottages upon the is W—, the first of the villages in which we are the forts of dullness" this w

Prepare for the Fr
At the sight, our half-dozen young Officers in the Battle their "Hallelujah" Tair their "weapons," and prepa

fray. "Now!" orders the Commander as they turn t seriously. "Let 'em have i A joyous blare of sound upon the sleepy Suffolk a cornets, tambourines, conce human voices in chorus emit from its every crack, and a bone slide shooting in and front window, the "tank"

to the three-cornered green As at an electric shock, the large arouses from its after por. By the time we of joined the file of marching laughing musicians, a row of already sitting along one o garden walls (we hear later are the village band and regretfully give the palm Women stand at their aprons wrapped round bare thetic old faces appear b windows, and the children dren who come flocking down with open arms! They su on the grass beside the t turn up such expectant fr

Some one in excellent v ing out a familiar song: said thousand souls there Merry laughter ripples rou at the incongruity of the this tiny place.

Keen Sense of Hu
"Hallelujah!" exclaims i Divisional Commander, a her concertina into the me her keen sense of humor, tin Olive Booth is a true e General. Mrs. Treasur young Officers vigorously tambourines, and all who l the clap it out:

"Then come, Oh come, a me: Where pleasures nev Down the road Staff-C Both is giving out song tating with the folk.

"What's the good of c one afternoon," they I want you to come an at as we stand in th tate other wayside M the Bank Holiday w conviction ever deepens v Army may have had towns, it could not l "the thing" for the ad been raised for ti or in the dull round s down on these han from week to week, and "naturalness," t ing, the unconventional action with which a ay express his religio "priceless birthright" is so attractive nge."

The General's Daughter D.C.

How the Army carries its message to the village folk in the Old Country

THE sweet scent of flowering bean-
fields stretching far across the up-
land; a lazy windmill turning against
the cloudless blue; sunshine and
shadows of waving trees dappling the
white lane along which our fleet of
battered cars is swiftly rolling.
Splash! The big red battery leading
plunges and crunches through a pebbly
brook and mounts the hill beyond.
Splash! Splash! A series of splashes
as the Divisional Commander's "Tro-
jan," followed by the Treasurer's car,
and the char-a-banc full of laughing
Bandmen in turn take the rivulet.
Its cool spray descends in a liberal
shower on the dusty campaigners, but
speed slackens not. For the end of
our forty-mile run from the Divisional
centre is in sight. That tiny blur of
trees and cottages upon the skyline
is W—, the first of the isolated
villages in which we are to "storm
the forts of dullness" this weekend.

Prepare for the Fray

At the sight, our half-dozen lively
young Officers in the Battery—other-
wise the "Hallelujah Tank"—seize
their "weapons," and prepare for the
fray. "Now!" orders the Battery
Commander as they turn the corner
perilously. "Let 'em have it!"

A joyous blare of sound breaks out
upon the sleepy Suffolk air. With
cornets, tambourines, conchas and
human voices in chorus emitting music
from its every crack, and a long trom-
bone slide shooting in and out at its
front window, the "tank" sweeps up
to the three-cornered green.

As at an electric shock, the tiny vil-
lage arouses from its afternoon tor-
por. By the time we others have
joined the file of marching, singing,
laughing musicians, a row of men are
already sitting along one of the low
garden walls (we hear later that they
are the village band and that they
regretfully give the palm to ours!)
Women stand at their gates with
aprons wrapped round bare arms, pa-
thetic old faces appear behind the
windows, and the children—the chil-
dren who come flocking down the road
with open arms! They settle shyly
on the grass beside the Army; but
turn up such expectant faces.

Some one in excellent voice is giv-
ing out a familiar song: "Ten thou-
sand thousand souls there are—"
Merry laughter ripples round the ring
at the incongruity of the words in
this tiny place.

Keen Sense of Humor

"Hallelujah!" exclaims the smiling
Divisional Commander, and swings
her concertina into the melody. With
her keen sense of humor, Staff-Cap-
tain Olive Booth is a true daughter of
the General. Mrs. Treasurer and two
young Officers vigorously bent their
tambourines, and all who have a hand
free clap it out:

"Then come, Oh come, and go with
me;
Where pleasures never die."

Down the road Staff-Captain Dora
Booth is giving out Song-sheets and
chatting with the folk.

"What's the good of coming only
for one afternoon," they plead "when
I want you to come and stay."
But as we stand in this and the
twenty other wayside Meetings dur-
ing the Bank Holiday weekend, the
devotion ever deepens that though
the Army may have had its birth in
the towns, it could not be more en-
tirely "the thing" for the villagers, if
it had been raised for them alone.

For in the dull round of life that
its down on these handfuls of peo-
ple from week to week, the life and
"naturalness," the music and
sing, the unconventionality of word
and action with which a Salvationist
may express his religion—in short,
the priceless birthright of individu-
ality is so attractive—"such a
change."

The Eastern Division is practically
one of villages. Of our thirty-four
centres in which Corps are establish-
ed, twenty-eight have a population of
less than 9,000. Yet these places are
large compared with some of the
hamlets, miles away from the nearest
town or railway station, to which the
Motor-Battery and the D.C.'s car find
their way.

"The thing that is so encouraging,"
said the Staff-Captain, "is that the
more we go the more they seem to
want the Army. Especially in the
winter do they welcome us, for they
are more dull than ever, shut in
by the short daylight hours and the
hard weather."

It was largely the fruit of the win-
ter work that we saw during this
short but inspiring campaign. In
every village the Battery Captain's
round, cheery face seemed known.

"Good old boy you are!" shouts a
hoarse but friendly drunkard from the
public-house door at J—. The me-
chanic from the motor-repair shop
runs after the retreating "tank" to
exchange a parting joke with him on
the speed limit! Little knots of Con-
verts join our ring at B— and
W—, wearing outward and visible
signs of Salvationism in the Army
Shield or hat-band; they are infused
quite as unmistakably with the Army
spirit of attack.

One of the Trophies

The tireless young man cyclist in
the Army cap who keeps up with the
ears is one of the trophies at the
vigorous new Outpost, which is the
most evident result of the winter's
work. He was a pilot in the air force
during the war. Hear his testimony:
"The Army Captain was standing in
the street alone talking (N.B.—he had
stayed alone six weeks!) and I was
listening. I said to a woman near me
'Good old Army—I used to go to their
Meetings as a kid.' She said, 'Well,
why don't you go now?'"

"I kept away till I was in an un-
bearable state, then I went forward
in the first Meeting. Only a week
before I had rolled home, and my
wife had taken my boots to prevent
my getting more drunk. I went home
this night and said to her, 'I have
been converted.' 'You can't stick that,'
she said. 'Yes, I can,' I said—and
five others in our family have taken
Salvation, too!"

"But if any one had told me a few
months ago, when I first saw the
Army, that I should have stood alone
as I have all this week at H—, and
talked Salvation myself, Well—!"
He left the rest to the imagination.

Old Salvationists joyfully discover
themselves to us—a white-haired
blind brother, led from his home vil-
lage two and a half miles off by a
bright-faced boy of eleven, who also
proudly wears the Army Shield; an

aged sister-Comrade, who, being given
a seat in the ring, nevertheless de-
livers her quivering but confident tes-
timony. There is a benediction in the
face of the faithful Sergeant-Major
at S—, who for eleven years, since
the Army was compelled to withdraw
from his town through the war, has
not ceased every Saturday night to
go alone to the old stand in the mar-
ket-place to deliver the message of
Salvation. ("He's still holding up the
Army," say the tradespeople in a
nearby shop.) Most touching is the
joy of these veterans at getting an-
other taste of the old fight; their
eager eyes are a study in delight as
the Founder's granddaughters make
their forceful and convincing appeals.

Dusk is falling as, after a ten-mile
run through the lanes, we slowly down
in the quaint village of Laxfield. Our
crowd is awaiting us as at so many
places. As soon as the ring is formed
it closes in, until on all sides the
people are three deep at least. We
have got the entire village, surely; on
this side a beautiful crowd of young
people, on the other mostly men and
some women, while the old folks stand
under the churchyard trees. And so
they remain, listening and watching
with hardly a movement, to music and
testimonies and songs.

The darkness deepens; in the public-
house outside which we stand lights
gleam luridly, and we catch a snatch
of drunken song, but its usual patrons
for the most part are not within
to-night. A wonderful quietness falls
upon all—it is a crowd in the very
mood to listen, and the Staff-Captain
takes hold of her unique opportunity
with power. One can sense the ac-
ceptance of her quietly reasoned and
appropriate words; and in the closing
of the evening, sung with us by so many, her
earnestness of spirit has been very
definitely communicated to the inten-
tly-listening people. Even after the
benediction they seem loth to turn
away.

Time for a March

Joy! We are past our time-table,
but—"Is it quite too late for a
march?" exclaims the D.C., looking
round on her force with flashing, ex-
citant eyes; the long day's dust and
weariness alike forgotten in the thrill
of the opportunity that has been ours.

She seizes the Flag, and in a mo-
ment is leading a long file in and out
among the knots of wondering people,
and voices and instruments proclaim
for the last time that we've got the
"Joy, joy, joy down in our hearts."
And so to our houses for the forty-
mile ride home. Even now a mob of
eager children, who will not be denied
their usual treat when the Army
comes round, mob us, crying, "Sing
to us—sing to us! Sing 'Will you take
Jesus to-day?'" and a concertina
leads the shrill voices, which will keep
the Army's message fresh in the

homes long after our visit.

Results? They cannot be counted
up in numbers—though in one of the
tiniest and most lovely hamlets, as
the Staff-Captain prays from the tail-
board of the Battery, a young mother
leaves her pram in charge of a Salva-
tionist while she kneels on the grass
and meets the Saviour.

"Don't be discouraged," say a little
group of the chapel people at the close
of another gathering. "Oh, the Army
has waked us up and done us so much
good."

Some of the Officers have been
quietly going from door to door while
their Comrades fought in the ring.
"We haven't had any one to pray in
our house for years," declares a grate-
ful invalid.

Starts the Quick Tears

And at the open window of the big
family hotel at H— sits the publi-
can's wife, head on hand. A kind
word of inquiry from the collector
starts the quick tears rolling down—
at some memory of other days, some
sorrow of the present—who knows?
The graceful white-haired woman
does not tell, but she murmurs broken-
ly her "hope that the Army will
come again"—and retires within the
room. As we pass the window on the
march to the Hall she is there again,
and we catch a glimpse of her, still
wiping her eyes, as she waves us
away.

Not are we allowed to leave that
last town without the visible reward—
eight seekers, including the worst and
the best.

A most happy unity of spirit and
effort have been obvious even to the
casual observer, throughout the cam-
paign. Far from flagging, it rises to
its height in the glorious prayer-bat-
tle led by the Chancellor. All over
the crowded village assembly hall Of-
ficers, Bandmen, and Soldiers are
seen and heard pleading, explaining,
urging Salvation on the convicted
people—here a group of hoary village
topers, there some bright girls fresh
from the tennis courts. The Comrades
seemed fairly to revel in this work,
as in all the Meetings of the cam-
paign.

"Yes, they do," said a Staff Officer's
wife, in answer to our remark, "and
our whole Division may claim to be
second to none in that respect; it is
really because of our leaders. They
lead us not only by word; but go
themselves the farthest ahead of all,
and what else can we do but follow
them?"

For in devotion and earnestness,
Staff-Captain Olive Booth is truly in
the van of her forces—their leader in
genuine Salvationism. Somehow into
these short wayside Meetings in tiny
places she contrives to bring a breath
of that spirit, as wide as the world,
in which every man looks not on his
own things but on the things of others,
and gains a thrilling glimpse of God's
grand purpose for all.

A Beautiful Holiday

"What a beautiful Bank Holiday!"
exclaims the Treasurer's radiant Can-
didate-daughter as, still wearing the
Indian uniform in which the Staff-
Captain has arrayed her to bring the
"greater Army" to the notice of the
people, she steps into her father's car.
Her parents want her to go into "the
Work" for good, if she goes at all,
and to realize the hardness before-
hand. And so last summer their "holi-
days" were spent in taking her to one
after another of the Slum Corps of
London. It made their daughter but
the more eager; and now she has
tasted the village warfare, and her
radiant face tells all.

She has seen the vision, denied to
some but never forgotten in life by
the true Salvationist, as her parents
well know by experience—the vision
of that chance with the people which
Christ has given to the Army alone,
and she must go! Euno.

A NEW CHORUS

It's THE SAME OLD ARMY

By "J"

It's THE SAME OLD AR-MY ALL THE WORLD OVER, THE AR-MY OF THE FIRE AND
BLOOD, IT'S THE SAME OLD CHORUS, CHRIST DIED FOR US, GLORY, GLORY, GLORY BE TO
GOD, SO COME, COME, A-WAY, JOIN UP WITH US TO-DAY, NO LINGER IN SO-U-TUDE
ROAD, FOR WHEN-EVER YOU MAY BE, WHETHER ON THE LAND OR SEA, IN THE
AR-MY YOU WILL ALWAYS FEEL AT HOME

For Thee
tongue O Christ, as
ld
ry of Thy love divi-
so strange, so swi-
tongue to tell it out
ands O Christ, as e
multitudes with Br-
living Bread enou-
hand to give it out
et O Christ, as one
y lost sheep in mil-
as strong, as true,
ast no feet to go hat
these ransom'd
mine
only minister to me?
y, my hands, my feet,
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Plucky Norwegian Women

Victims of Automobile Accident
"Carry on" in Spite of Bruises

A Staff Singing Brigade comprised of women Officers and Comrades have been doing some excellent work in the Norwegian Territory. Recently, they had an unpleasant experience, which, but for the protecting hand of God, might have been a real catastrophe. Boarding an open truck the Brigade, fifteen in number, purposed to travel from Molde to an Outpost, some fifty

In Waldensian Valleys

Italian Salvationists Proclaim God's Power to Save in Solitary Places and Busy Cities

A REMARKABLE Publicity Campaign has recently been conducted in Italy, which Territory is commanded by Major W. Alex Ebba, Adjutant Pesatori, who was assisted by several Officers from Territorial Headquarters and the Training Garrison

of the Appennines, and in the famous university city of Pisa. Several Open-Air Meetings were held and over two thousand pamphlets sold.

While visiting in the solitary places of the Waldensian valleys, many miles from his Corps, an Officer entered a house where a woman was dying. He found the daughter in despair at not being able to grant the desire of her mother who asked that the Bible verse which commenced "God so loved the World," should be read to her. The Officer was able to turn to the passage, and the visit concluded with comfort and cheer to the dying woman and her loved ones.

"War Cry" Boomer's Victory
In Naples, where the fight is especially hard, the Officers one day found it difficult to dispose of their copies of the "War Cry." In a public-house where customers all refused to buy a paper, a man, belonging to a strong political party, and who was friendly to the Army, entered just as the Officers were leaving, sized up the situation, and recommended that every one present should purchase a copy of their paper. His words created great interest and, so far as the sale of the papers was concerned that day, the tide was turned.

An Answered Prayer

In connection with a visit paid by Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Souter to a West African town, arrangements were made for the enrolment of Soldiers and the dedication of the Color-Sergeant's infant child.

On the Saturday night prior to the dedication, the father was tempted to stay away from the Open-Air Meeting as he had no money to suitably clad his little one. Although he read his Bible and prayed sincerely, he felt very much discouraged, and even though he had succeeded in begging a piece of cloth and sewed it as best he could, he was not satisfied. He then heard a voice saying to him, "Go to the Open-Air, and the Lord will provide." He obeyed, and to his great surprise and joy he was handed a parcel from the Officer's wife, containing three garments for the child; this he showed to all his neighbors in the compound, who were heathen, saying, "Look at what my God has done for me. I prayed to Him, and He has given me these garments for my child; that is what my God can do."

International Newslets

Colonel Margetts, who recently retired in the Eastern U.S. Territory, has been the faithful keeper of a diary for many years. Since retirement he has scanned the pages and discovered that during his years of service he has travelled 644,078 miles, and that 11,175 persons have knelt at the Penitent-Form in Meetings he has conducted.

Mrs. Colonel Gauntlett, who for the past eighteen months or so has filled the position of Territorial Home League Secretary for the Eastern U.S. Territory, with headquarters in New York, has received farewell orders, and is appointed to the important position of Woman's Social Secretary for Norway, with headquarters in Oslo, formerly known as Christiania. It will be recalled that her husband, the late Colonel Gauntlett, was promoted to Glory from Chicago, some two years ago.

The Sergt.-Major of the Warsaw, Indiana, Corps recently found a pocketbook containing \$187 and returned it to the owner. He refused a reward for the act, but accepted a donation of \$5 toward the work of the Army. Testifying afterwards this Comrade said that had this occurred some years ago the lady probably would not have received her money. "Salvation has done wonders for me," he smiled.

The opening of the Booth-Tucker Hall, the largest Salvation Army Hall in Ceylon and which accommodates 750 people, was performed by a local celebrity. In the course of an interesting address this gentleman referred to Commissioner Booth-Tucker's brilliant prospects in the Indian Civil Service renounced for the self-sacrificing life of a Salvation Army Officer, and referred to the surprising results of that consecration, as seen in that particular district.

Colonel Brengle recently conducted a soul-saving Campaign at San Francisco. The first public Meeting of the Campaign resulted in one hundred and twenty-six surrenders at the Mercy-Seat. The Colonel also conducted a Meeting with the Japanese.

Lt.-Commissioner Gifford is giving consideration to the problem presented in bringing out a Japanese issue of the "War Cry" for the Western U.S.A. Territory.

In the land where St. Paul testified boldly for Christ two thousand years ago, Italian Salvationists are to-day bravely taking their stand under the Blood-and-Fire Flag and witnessing to the same glorious truths of Salvation.



teen miles away, to give a Festival. Whilst climbing a hill the brakes refused to operate, and the driver, losing control, the van, with its precious load, cut across the road and capsized down the steep incline. One of the Songsters, who was pinned under the vehicle, sustained severe bruises. The others escaped with broken instruments (a number of violins, mandolins and a tello having been crushed to pieces) and a few bruises. The whole Company were obliged to return to Molde, and the interest of the townspeople was roused in the brave little company of women who, the next day, though bruised and shaken, held an extra Meeting in the largest Hall in the town. It was crowded out and they were rewarded for their effort by three souls at the Mercy-Seat.

Won Applause of Royalty

Music Professor is Cared for in Army Institution

Professor Louis Sieke of Marburg-on-the-Rhine, who thirty years ago was one of the most talked of pianists in Germany, and whose playing won the applause of royalty, was discovered recently peeling potatoes at the Army's Relief Home in San Francisco. Sieke dropped from sight during a concert tour of the United States a quarter of a century ago and became a wanderer. Nine years ago he was found in a tumble-down house on the San Francisco waterfront by some Salvationists, a victim of acute neuritis and amnesia. He was nursed back to health and has been slowly recovering from the nervous breakdown. This broken music master speaks seven languages and once was a professor of history in a college at Mar-

Cadets, bombarded Florence and the surrounding villages, whilst new ground was attacked by Major Gottlieb Muller in the town of Pistoia, in

A Miraculous Cure

Tokyo Sanitarium's Good Work

Among the patients during the past years at the Army's Sanitarium in Tokyo, Japan, was Captain Mochimura, a successful Field Officer. When he entered the Sanitarium it was thought questionable whether he would recover, although he was only in the first stages of tuberculosis. He has, however, now been discharged by Doctor Matsuda as miraculously cured and has presented himself as ready and anxious for another appointment.

A new wing is in course of erection at the Sanitarium, this being made possible by a gift from the Government and from the Prince Regent's Wedding Celebration Endowment Fund. This wing makes the seventh to be put up in connection with this Institution, and increases the accommodation to serve about one hundred and fifty patients. Every bed is now full, and a number of sufferers are awaiting admittance.

burg-on-the-Rhine, of which his father was dean. Recently at the Home, Professor Sieke sat down at the piano. Slowly at first and then faster and faster he played, going from Beethoven into Wagner and then to Schubert. His impromptu recital ended with a final rumble of the piano. The old man left the piano and picked up a broom, which he had carried into the auditorium. With bowed head and unsteady step he went back to the kitchen,



The Army has a number of Institutions in Italy which are carrying on an efficient work amongst the populace. The building shown in the photograph is used as a school for young people and is located at Faeto.

OH, TH

An Old-timer Attends Reverie in White

HALF past six one Sunday evening, the Starland Theatre, Winnipeg, is already filling up. Comrades from far-distant Korea are to relate their own vivid experiences with the War.

To us of an older generation the event is of more than usual significance. Only yesterday we were collecting for the heathen—a yesterday of nearly half a century ago. To-day, Oh the wonder of it! those same heathen races are here to tell of the miracles wrought by Divine grace.

Part deafness is responsible for me taking a seat ahead even of the Cadets and close to the platform. Anxiously I test my borrowed acousticon. Yes, I catch the rustling noises inseparable from a gathering audience. Satisfied of being able to hear part at least of the speaking, I lean back in my seat.

Soul-stirring Strains

The Bandmen take their seats; a brief movement and arrangement of music stands and sheets, a flash of the Bandmaster's baton and there steals across the now quite silent company the soul-stirring strains of an Army song. I watch the Bandmaster; he knows the music of the soul; his eyes are lifted in prayer. The entire Band, as their faces reveal, are intently rendering the story of the Cross. Now our Cadets take up the same message. Sweetly o'er our yearning senses does the sound come as those dear lads and lassies proclaim the Gospel in song.

A hush—Staff Officers march on to the platform, accompanied by Major Hill. The Korean Comrades take their seats. Led by our Chief Secretary the Meeting commences. The Spirit descends upon Adjutant Curry as he offers prayer; we are assured of victory. But this Meeting is to be handed over to Major Hill and his party.

They stand up, those dear Comrades, to testify—to what? Are we really properly aware of the glory of these testimonies?

Seated among those strangely garbed little people is a finely-formed woman, her dress typically Eastern in its beauty and coloring, her face serene. She comes forward to sing—a song whose music is a poem. Cadets, Band and audience take up the chorus—what a glorious mosaic of sound!

But my acousticon is failing me—the voice of the next speaker, or speakers, for a Korean Comrade is acting as interpreter for another, sound languorously in my ear. Moreover that song has started me in a reverie, perilously near dreamland, in fact.

Rudely Awakened

The next moment I was rudely awakened. The raucous blare of some metal instrument had startled me into wakefulness. "What on earth is our Bandmaster about to permit of such a horrid noise as that?" was my first thought as I looked across at— Well, I was sure the Band had been sitting on that spot but a few moments ago; I knew that Bonny Merritt had been exchanging a few words with me; what had happened? Platform, Koreans, Officers, Band, Cadets—the entire scene was changed. And, Oh, that awful row; shouts, cat-calls, oaths. "What is it all about?" someone yelled in my ear. What indeed? It seemed too utterly real to be a mere dream. "Dahn wif 'im. Kick 'is big old off." Struggling out of a mysteriously gathered crowd I was enabled to look around.

"Somewhere in London," I muttered to myself, and "I'm guessing it is Westminster." But, Oh, what did it mean. How did I get there?



National Newsletters

Margetts, who recently returned from the Eastern U.S. Territory, the faithful keeper of a many years. Since retirement he has scanned the pages and that during his years of has traveled 644,078 miles, 1,175 persons have knelt at Pent-form in Meetings he has

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March 20, 1926

OH, THE WONDER OF IT!

An Old-timer Attends a Missionary Meeting in Winnipeg and Falls Into a Reverie in Which he Sees the Seed Sowing of Fifty Years Ago and Wakes to Rejoice Over the Glorious Harvest

HALF past six one Sunday evening, the Starland Theatre, Winnipeg, is already filling up. Comrades from far-distant Korea are to relate their own vivid experiences with the flag.

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"Somewhere in London," I muttered to myself, and "I'm guessing it is Whitechapel." But, Oh, what did it mean. Now did I get there?

"They that sow in tears shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

A street, foul with mud, its gutters reeking with the stench of rotting refuse, tenements, three stories high, their windows broken; frowzy, bleary-eyed women looking out upon the mob whose noise had aroused them from a drunken sleep.

Grouped bravely together, right in the centre of the disease-breeding place, there was a small band of the newly-formed Salvation Army, perhaps half a dozen in all, including the Captain and his "Leff."

"Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

A sweet-voiced lassie had started the song; for a few moments the crowd decided to be quieter. The song continued:

"There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
Oh, be washed in the —"

"Juice of the jam," ribald voices broke in upon the song. The violence increases. "Shit yer rah, will yer?"

"We don't want no Selvytion Army with us my dear," she begs the girl.

"We will pray with you. Yes, there is always hope for the penitent sinner."

The Captain, standing on the steps of the Hall, motions everybody to come in. Still turbulent, the crowd breaks into a parody of an Army song:

"They call me 'Appy 'Arriet,
And I'm converted I am,
Oh, won't you come and jine us?
It's easily understood
We're the 'Alleluiah sisters
And we've come to do you good."

Nothing daunted, the same lassie who has just taken a wandering street-sister under her protection stops at the door-portal. "Yes friends," she declared, "our message is easily understood. We want to tell you of a Saviour, of a Healer, of an Elder Brother. Oh dear friends, we beg of you to come in and yield yourselves to Him Who alone can give you lasting peace and joy."

Turning to her protegee they enter the Hall to the mixed sounds of ribaldry and a song led by the Captain:

"He breaks the power of canceled sin.
He sets the prisoner free."

Confused as I am by my queer experiences, I yet am able to observe how the Meeting gradually becomes quieter; how, as it progresses that dear street girl weeps her way to the Penitent—Form, whence, a little later, she steps up to the Captain, and, her face alight with joy, tells him of her new-found peace.

The next Monday morning the Corps Officer is writing the report to his Commanding Officer:

"The usual street disturbance yesterday. Rough crowd, uniform torn and soiled, more or less noisy Meeting, but one splendid case. Girl from country drifted into Whitechapel, came to Penitent-Form and got gloriously saved."

"Yours for victory,
(Signed) Captain —"

The scene shifts. I am standing outside the Exeter Hall; it is Easter Monday. General William Booth has announced a series of Meetings for that day.

On a Public Holiday

"The man's a fanatic," declares the London press. "Not a church in Christendom could get the people to attend a religious Meeting on a public holiday. But what can you do with Booth?"

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Confused as I am by my queer experiences, I yet am able to observe how the Meeting gradually becomes quieter; how, as it progresses that dear street girl weeps her way to the Penitent—Form, whence, a little later, she steps up to the Captain, and, her face alight with joy, tells him of her new-found peace.

The next Monday morning the Corps Officer is writing the report to his Commanding Officer:

"The usual street disturbance yesterday. Rough crowd, uniform torn and soiled, more or less noisy Meeting, but one splendid case. Girl from country drifted into Whitechapel, came to Penitent-Form and got gloriously saved."

"Yours for victory,
(Signed) Captain —"

The scene shifts. I am standing outside the Exeter Hall; it is Easter Monday. General William Booth has announced a series of Meetings for that day.

On a Public Holiday

"The man's a fanatic," declares the London press. "Not a church in Christendom could get the people to attend a religious Meeting on a public holiday. But what can you do with Booth?"

I march up the steps—a group of Cadets is scattered. Behind, is printed on the door: "Pull up—place packed. No room yet." Full up! and on a holiday! It is unbelievable. An interval of waiting, and then I have the luck to be admitted. "Like herrings in a barrel" is my thought. The Exeter Hall is crowded to the limit. The General, tall, spare, hair greying, red jersey, whistle in hand, is in command. Captain — is speaking. She has just been released from imprisonment.

With us my dear, she begs the girl.

We will pray with you. Yes, there is always hope for the penitent sinner."

The Captain, standing on the steps of the Hall, motions everybody to come in. Still turbulent, the crowd breaks into a parody of an Army song:

"They call me 'Appy 'Arriet,
And I'm converted I am,
Oh, won't you come and jine us?
It's easily understood
We're the 'Alleluiah sisters
And we've come to do you good."

Nothing daunted, the same lassie who has just taken a wandering street-sister under her protection stops at the door-portal. "Yes friends," she declared, "our message is easily understood. We want to tell you of a Saviour, of a Healer, of an Elder Brother. Oh dear friends, we beg of you to come in and yield yourselves to Him Who alone can give you lasting peace and joy."

Turning to her protegee they enter the Hall to the mixed sounds of ribaldry and a song led by the Captain:

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THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Founders: William Booth, General; Bramwell Booth, International Headquarters, London, England

Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor.

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Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION—

To be Brigadier—

MAJOR ARCHIE LAYMAN, Divisional Commander, Southern British Columbia Division.

APPOINTMENTS—

Ensign Tigerstedt and Captain Redburn to Calgary II.

Captain Halvorsen and Lieut. Morrison to Edmonton.

Captain Hogarth to Lacombe.

Captain and Mrs. Moll to Kamusack.

Captain Calder to Innisfail.

Lieut. Bradley to Wetaskiwin.

CHAS. T. RICH,

Lt.-Commissioner.

THE GENERAL

To Conduct Congresses at New York and Chicago Next Month

The General will be visiting the United States next month and will conduct Territorial Congresses in both Chicago and New York.

The Chicago Congress will take place from April 17 to 22, and that in New York from April 24 to 29.



Colonel Yamamoto will not now be visiting this Territory as announced in our last issue. Owing to an alteration in his plans of travel he will be with the General in Chicago on the dates he was announced to be in Winnipeg.

Colonel and Mrs. Miller are due to arrive in Winnipeg on Monday, Mar. 15th.

The Colonel will be publicly welcomed at a Meeting conducted by the Commissioner in the Winnipeg Citadel on Tuesday. He is booked to conduct the Young People's Council at Regina April 10 to 12.

Colonel and Mrs. Henry arrived in Winnipeg on Thursday last, enroute from New Zealand to Toronto, where the Colonel will assume the duties of Chief Secretary. The Colonel met the Staff of Grace Hospital on Thursday night and conducted the Central Holiness Meeting at the Citadel on Friday.

Lt.-Colonel Taylor, the Field Secretary, conducted a special noon-day service at Headquarters on the General's birthday, prayer being offered for abundant blessings on our International Leader and on the world-wide work of the Army.

Lt.-Colonel Frank Barnard, International Social Inspector, is due to arrive in Winnipeg this week. He will inspect the Social work in the city and at other centres during his stay in Western Canada.

Mrs. Major Carter has for the past several weeks been very poorly in health, causing much anxiety. It is expected that she will shortly have to undergo a operation. Pray for our Comrade!

(Continued on page 12)

Extracts from The GENERAL'S Journal

Outspoken Ally of Righteousness—Need the Great War Have Been?—Watch Carlisle Drink Experiment—Ghastly Silence versus Glorious Testimony—One With the People

Tuesday, July 28th, 1925.—Letters specially interesting to-day—Ranger (Sir Washington), Mitchell (Commissioner, Sweden), Marquess of Crewe, amongst others.

Interviews. Mrs. (Lieut.-Colonel) Lee, retired, California—in a delightful spirit. Colonel Lee died some time ago. The Clarks (Adjutant and Mrs.), Collectors in South Africa. Give encouraging report of Native Work, but much lament the way many of the natives are harried by some of the white traders. Would like the Army to do something to correct this. Coles (Adjutant) and wife; he going to Toronto "War Cry" as Assistant. Is one of our talented musical composers. He and his wife please me. Bedford (Colonel) on Self-Denial Returns. He says we shall do better yet—to which I reply, So may it be!

Wednesday, 29th.—Early to my papers, and then to I.H.Q.

A full day. The death of W. J. Bryan, of the United States, on Sunday last, removes a warm friend of our Work during many years past, and a courageous Christian man. Some of his ideas were curious—perhaps they seem so because they were in advance of his time; but he was an outspoken ally of righteousness in the State as well as in the Church. I was very sorry to see how he was dragged into the trial at Dayton, Tennessee, but I am sure of one thing—he was making a fight for what he believed to be the truth. And now Death has borne him from us!

"Ahl! Death is very, very wide,

A terrible land and dry;

If Thou, my Saviour, hadst not died,

Who would have dared to die?"

Tuesday, August 4th.—This day, eleven years ago, War broke out. Ever and again the question emerges—Need it have been? Have we improved either the spirit or the machinery of life so as to justify the hope that war will be no more. I am afraid the answer again is no!

Thursday, 6th.—A day of labors more abundant.

Much interested in the Report on

the Carlisle drink experiment. It makes good reading:

"The public houses are owned by the Government, and the management is advised by men representing the counties and city councils, the justices, and other bodies. Since State management was introduced, the number of licenses has been reduced from 119 to 65. All advertisements of alcoholic liquors have been removed, and teas and food of good quality and at cheap prices have been made available. The managers are not allowed to push the sale of liquor, and investigations are made if there is an increase in the amount sold. Boys and girls can obtain food and tea and coffee without going near the bars. The Chief Constable, an impartial observer, states that sobriety has increased in the district. The scheme has proved economically sound. Three-quarters of the capital cost has been paid off out of surplus profits."

This experiment should be carefully watched.

Friday, 7th.—Mr. Baldwin's defence, in the House of Commons last night, of the subsidy to the coal-owners, etc., and a £10,000,000 vote. It seems to contradict every principle of our economic history. And even so, I do not for a moment think that ten millions will be sufficient.

Monday, 10th.—On furlough. Much needed!

The appalling, even ghastly, silence of so many of the leading people of the day as to the world to come all ways strikes at my heart. Take the letter in the papers quoted from the explorer Scott, dying in the Antarctic, with its feeble and pathetic conclusion. It might have been written by a Hottentot, or, if horses could write, by a horse, so far as any gleam of hope beyond the grave, or any accountability to God the Creator and Ruler and Judge, is concerned. What a contrast to the glorious witness of the Apostle (I Corinthians xv. 41-43):

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star

differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power."

Wednesday, 12th.—A good deal of work to-day—some hours with Gray (Brigadier).

Death of Milholland (Mr. John), an Army friend. Loved my sister Emma, the late Consul. Was connected with a New York Journal, and gave us many a helpful lift during a stormy time in the United States. A man of the keenest business outlook and habits. The first to introduce the system by which letters and small packets are moved about in pneumatic tubes. Had promised me some substantial help for Hall in Paris. Now . . . his place will know him no more.

Thursday, 13th.—The Army's world-wide contact with the people is a daily wonder. Here is an extract from a private letter from an Officer in New South Wales to a relative at home:

"When we arrived the atmosphere amongst the visitors at this house was frigid, but it is very different now. There are two Roman Catholics (mother and daughter), and the mother told me of an elderly servant man who was most useful, but occasionally broke out drinking. At last, after repeated warnings, they decided to discharge him. The day he was to leave, a Salvationist happened to call at the station, and offered to take him to his home. He became truly changed, gave up the drink, and was a comfort to the Salvationist's family until he died."

"Then a tradesman, whose family live near Sydney, in speaking of his girls, told us the eldest is greatly taken with the Army and prefers that to their Church. So they have agreed to her going. Every family represented in this house has felt the touch and the blessing of the Salvation Army."

On Sunday night we conducted the local Corps Meeting, and a nice English girl of seventeen, who is maid at this house, came forward for Salvation. Her mother is a war widow, and migrated here over six years ago with six children. Betty (the Convert) is the eldest, and she told me she hopes some day to be an Army Officer."

Friday, 10th.—Rather warm. A glorious walk (two hours) towards the higher ground, and later a very beautiful sunset, uplifting the whole man. Truly one can see that—

"Nature's God hath left no place unblest. With founts of beauty for the eye of love."

Warm letter from dear Brenie (Colonel, U.S.A.). I exhort him to rest absolutely, and he replies, "Well, dear General, you know even a pumpkin lying in the sun grows while it vegetates; I have been vegetating!" Speaking of Bryan (the late W. J.), he says:

"We have just lost a great man, and a warm friend of the Army and of the poor and sinful, in Mr. Bryan. I do not agree with some of his policies, but I love and admire him as a man and an out-spoken Christian and fearless advocate of all the things that make for a better world. . . . His sudden death has awed and softened even his enemies, and the whole country has been moved as has not been since Lincoln was shot."

This trial in Dayton, Tennessee, provided scope for every faculty for cynical irreverence and cynicism with the most profound religious sentiment. One thing ought not, however, to be overlooked—science, with all its boasts, has not yet been able to justify the Darwinian theory. I see that Professor Wood Jones, of the Adelaide University, declares again that Darwin was wrong, and the monkey descended from man and not man from monkey!

Colonel and Mrs. Miller

Receive Great Public Send-off from Toronto

COMMISSIONER SOWTON Conducts Farewell Meeting

From the Canada East "War Cry")

Colonel Gideon Miller has farewell! It seems incredible. For forty years he has dwelt among us and such has been his wide-spread influence that it seems like the removal of a loved and familiar landmark.

The historic old Temple has witnessed many farewells, but surely few have created such intense interest and warm response as did this. Regret, of course, tinged many hearts. One could not be intimate with Colonel and Mrs. Miller without experiencing a wrench to part with them—but it must be admitted that regret was tempered with gladness at the thought of the high honor which has been conferred upon them. Hence the dominating note of triumph which, so aptly struck by the Commissioner as he lined out a war-song, prevailed throughout.

Veterans in the War

"My first association with Colonel and Mrs. Miller," said the Commissioner, "was about eighteen or nineteen years ago as the Chief Secretary of this Territory. Since then we have been more or less in touch with each other and, in looking back, I realize more than ever the worth of both the Colonel and his wife. They are veterans in the Salvation Army War. Colonel Miller became an Officer in 1886 and in 1892 he took unto himself a wife. I feel quite sure that when these two Army veterans united their hearts and lives it was a very wise step."

"There are many things I have admired about the Colonel. First, he is an 'all round' man. He was not only a good Field Officer, but a good District Officer. And then the Army made Gideon Miller an architect—and a good one at that. There are many Salvation Army properties throughout the land which bear witness to his magnificent work."

"I have also admired the Colonel as a winner of souls. I have always been glad to notice that when he has campaigned on the Field, God has honored his labors by giving him souls. Then the Colonel has a kind heart. He is always willing to help some one else. If at some time some one has felt impatient about certain people, Colonel Miller has been the one who has put in a good word and helped them forward."

Going with Best Wishes

"We shall miss Colonel and Mrs. Miller as they go to their new command," concluded the Commissioner, addressing the Field Secretary and his wife, "but you are going with the best wishes of your Canada East Comrades and you are going to people who will heartily welcome you. May God make you a tower of strength to the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich and your future Comrades in the West." An expression heartily endorsed by all present.

With that equanimity which is so peculiarly associated with the Colonel's public efforts, he gave a farewell address.

"I appreciate thoroughly," said he, "all our kind remarks. I have been very much touched. We give God the glory and we rejoice in Him as our King and Friend, believing that He will help us in the past, will be our faithful. It is a great wrench for me to leave, as I have been connected with Headquarters for many years. I was here when the building was erected. I have seen the Salvation Army steadily grow and develop, and I have done some part in laying the foundation. I hope God will increase our strength so that we may work on for many years. I am grateful that God has given us the privilege of going to the West. We shall endeavor to live humbly before God and serve Him with all our heart."

(Continued on page 9)



"White Collar" Bandits

Amazing Credulity of Investing Public Makes Them an Easy Prey to Stock Swindlers

CROOKED promoters, bogus brokers and fake security salesmen are termed "white collar bandits" by a writer in the New York Evening Post, who is showing up the activities of these gentry. The amount of money lost through fraudulent stocks is amazing, he points out. Over a billion dollars a year is handed over to financial crooks by people on this continent.

A large percentage of it comes from women, cripples and invalids who are induced to part with their life's savings to invest in worthless stock.

The Hearst syndicate, which is stirring Manitoba just now, provides amazing evidence of the credulity of otherwise sensible people when it comes to venturing their money in what promises large gains.

Samuel O. Rice, educational director of the Investment Bankers Association, gives nine main reasons why people buy worthless securities as follows: Imagination, egotism, carelessness, dishonest greed, honest greed, ignorance, a belief that the law is a personal guardian, a notion that all crooks bear visible earmarks of crookedness, and fraud.

The Better Business Bureau has adopted a slogan which may well be heeded by every person having money to invest. The slogan is terse and expressive: "Before you invest—investigate." The opportunities to make a fortune overnight in far-away land, in oil, in radio, in motor stocks never go begging. The people who know about those things will make the money.

Drastic Doings in Mexico

THE Government of Mexico has decreed the nationalization of all church property and expulsion of all priests and clergy other than native born Mexican citizens. Fourteen Spanish priests, we are told, were arrested in Mexico City while the Spanish colony and their Mexican friends were celebrating the arrival of Commander Franco, the Spanish aviator, at Buenos Aires and toasting "Madre Patria." They were taken to Vera Cruz for deportation, and with them went three Irish priests who had been in the country many years. Action was also taken against Catholic schools and asylums. Among the Catholic schools closed, it is said, are some of the most notable institutions in Mexico City. American Protestant ministers have also been expelled.

This drastic action is calling forth protest from many quarters. It is regarded as part and parcel of a general anti-foreign sentiment which little risks of ultimate consequences.

Changes in West Africa

GREAT changes are taking place in West Africa as elsewhere. A traveler says that in Christianborg on the Gold Coast, heavers or teams are no longer seen; all freight is carried by auto-trucks. At the street crossings colored policemen with signal flags direct the traffic. The new native hospital is one of the sights, splendidly planned and equipped.

Coomassie, the former capital of the Ashanti Kingdom, is now the railroad center for two lines running into the interior and for a net of auto roads running in all directions. Along the railroad line are warehouses and shops. It is only twenty-five years ago since the Ashantis nearly starved a British garrison into surrender.

The best news of all, however, is that Christianity is spreading over this dark region and that whole towns with their chieftains are leaving idol worship and burning their heathen paraphernalia.

A Dash for Life in a Seaplane

The Thrilling Experience of a Flying Officer when Aid was Urgently Needed for an Injured Comrade

ON a small Island off the British coast, a solitary speck among the heaving waters, fifty miles from nowhere, was stationed a little company of men with a flight of seaplanes. One of their number thus relates an experience which befell them one bleak, stormy winter's night. He says:

"Feathery snow whirled about us, bitter winds froze our fingers and feet. To open a door to go out was an act of bravery. Most people left the outside world to itself, and considered it the better part of valor to remain as close as possible to the communal fire.

"Flying in this weather? Not likely. The howling wind rattling at the windows agreed to that, and the scurrying snow dotted out the sight of a but thirty yards away.

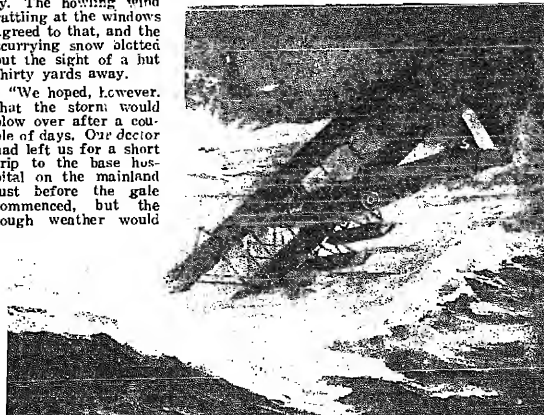
"We hoped, however, that the storm would blow over after a couple of days. Our doctor had left us for a short trip to the base hospital on the mainland just before the gale commenced, but the rough weather would

"But where's the doctor?" "At the base," twenty voices responded at once. "Tell the wireless station to get in touch with the base at once, and ask for his return; or else, send such details as we can of the injury, and ask for instructions as to treatment."

"A messenger left the room, to return five minutes afterwards.

"The wireless operator reports that he cannot get any message away to-day, sir. The storm has blown the aerial down, and it will take a day of calm weather to fix it up again."

"Then what are we to do? Fly to the base?"



The seaplane gave a lurch to the left twenty feet above the harbor.

effectively prevent his return. "Food? We could last out a week, but that was all. No shops on this island. We had it all to ourselves save for the wild birds that, with piercing cries, circled the rocks, or the dull croaking of frogs in the marshes towards the evening. Now all these sounds were silenced, and we heard nothing but the ceaseless roar of the gale, and the mighty waves beating against the temporary breakwater that protected our tiny harbor.

A Grave Accident

"Day number one passed without event, as did day number two. Day number three marked a lessening of the storm, but with that a grave accident to one of our party.

"Jackson is seriously hurt, sir!" cried some one, rushing into the mess room.

"Hurt? How badly? When? These questions were answered by the appearance of Jackson himself, groaning, as four men carried him in, and laid him near the fire for warmth. Amateurish hands fumbled about to gain some knowledge of his injuries, the groaning increased.

"An internal injury, sir!" replied a stretcher hand to the unspoken question. "The snow has covered up one of those deep gullies that run parallel with the path down to the sheds. Jackson missed the path and fell heavily into the gully. He ought to have immediate attention."

"Instinctively we turned to the window. The snow had ceased, but under a leaden sky the sea rose and fell heavily. Out beyond the uneasy stretch of water which the breakwater sheltered, no seaplane could ride the waves for five minutes. As we hesitated, the wind again rose, and howled about the building, penetrating the walls of our roughly built mess room, and causing us to shiver as though we were outside facing it.

"Can't be done, sir," said the Senior Flying Officer. "It would mean two deaths besides this one."

"The man on the floor groaned slightly.

"Well, I'll risk it," said another pilot. "If I find it too rough I can always turn back again and land in the harbor. The first five minutes will tell me whether I can manage it or not."

"I'm with you," spoke one who had been kneeling over the injured man. "All hands flocked down to the shed. Our best Short seaplane was wheeled out. Her wings, which folded back to the fuselage when in the shed, were opened out, and the connecting wires traced.

Water for Radiator

"Boil some water for the radiator. She'll never start cold on a day like this."

"Make the slip-way ready."

"Move that rowing boat from the middle of the harbor, so that we can

have a clear run and get off within calm water."

"Pigeons?"

"Here, sir."

"Very lights and pistol?"

"Here."

"Wireless in order?"

"Quite in order. You'll be able to get a message to the base before you land."

"Contact, sir?"

"Contact!"

"Fortune favored us. Aided by the hot water, the engine fired gamely. A brief 'revving' up to top speed, and we slid down the slipway on to the water, where the gale seemed to blow fiercer than ever.

"It seemed impossible for us to turn across the wind and get into the far corner of the harbor for a clear take off. A vicious gust caught our wing tip, but at last we faced the wind. Fine spray covered our goggles, the engine note deepened, our tail rose clear of the water. 'We're off,' thought I.

A Sickening Lurch

"May be," said the lurch, 'but not for long,' as we gave a sickening lurch first to the right and then to the left twenty feet above the harbor.

"We'll never do it," thought I, as I watched the pilot struggle with the controls, but slowly we headed out to sea, gaining height as we went. The watchers on the shore faded into specks; then out of sight as we swung round to face the unseen mainland.

O Tiber, Father Tiber,

To whom the Romans pray:
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day.

"Have you read those lines anywhere? Then you can enter into the feelings of one young man that winter afternoon. Only it was no use praying to 'Father Tiber' as Horatius did, nor to the god of the air as an old Greek might have done. We could but ask the One whose Old Testament name meant 'courage,' for skill and strength equal to the task.

"Twenty miles from the mainland I slowly unwound the aerial from the drum around which it ran, put on the headphones, crouched down low to escape the wind, and sent out the call sign.

"What luck! The answering Morse drummed itself out on my ears. 'Un-coded,' I tapped back: 'Man injured at A. station. Doctor required at once. Am landing in thirty minutes.'

"That length of time brought two nerve-tried men to the comparative shelter of the large hill-encircled bay where the base camp was situated.

"The rest is soon told. Another pilot flew back with the doctor, and his prompt attention saved the injured man's life.

"It is all a memory now. Just a tale to tell of an evening to a trio of boys anxious to listen; or else a yarn for a camp fire on a summer's evening, with the Milky Way overhead, and a gentle wind rustling among leafy trees."

—Life-Saving Scout and Guard.

Home Builders Needed

WHAT British Columbia needs is a million new people imbued with the industry and thrift possessed by the early pioneers of Ontario," said Premier John Oliver recently, during the course of an address. "The greatest need of this province is home-builders." Industry has increased six-fold in British Columbia during the last ten years, he continued, and there was no place on the face of the earth where 550,000 people produced as great an aggregate of wealth as in this province.

Young People's Annual Calgary I

Brigadier Sims Conducts Splendid Series of Gatherings—Nineteen Junior Soldiers Enrolled—Eighteen Seekers—Encouraging Increases

Captain and Mrs. Collier. For Young People's Annual we were delighted to have with us Brigadier Sims, Territorial Y.P. Secretary. On occasion also being the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Junior Work. Commencing with a bright Meeting on Thursday night, God was with us. The Holiness Service on the Sunday morning several of the Corps Captains took an active part.

In the afternoon the Young People's under Sergt-Major Lewin, had charge and in spite of the usual afternoon service in the Strand Theatre with the Citadel Band in attendance a splendid crowd assembled in the N.I. Hall. Brigadier Sims was chairman. Songs were given by the tots from the Primary Dept.

Short talks by the Guard Leader, Dorothy Brand, Sunbeam Leader, Maudie Fraser and Chum Leader, I. Garnett, who represented both Ch. and Scouts, the Scout Leader, Irwin, being with the Senior B. Each of these leaders spoke on the object of their organization, making an appeal for the young to live to the standards required of them. Also invited others to join. Provision Certificates were presented to children who have been transferred from the Cradle Roll to the Primary, also from the Primary to the C. M. Meeting, numbering 20 in all.

An interesting part of the program was the Birthday Box. Among the putting in their coppers was M. Shaw who placed 89 therein. Birthday Song was sung, followed by which our aged Comrade was sent with a plant by one of the Juniors.

A beautiful sight to witness at the close of the afternoon was the element of nineteen Junior Soldiers.

Prior to this happy gathering Guards and Sunbeams had marched to the Open-Air and caused much attention through the streets. When procession they made, only organs such a short time ago and yet a number and looking so smart in their neat uniforms.

In the Salvation Meeting conducted by the Brigadier the efforts were wonderfully crowned by eight souls secured.

On the Monday night a large crowd was in attendance for the Air Prize-giving, when some 225 tickets were presented to the boys and Eleven Illuminated Certificates.

Merit were given to those who three years have attended the Young Directory Class without miss. Also ten were given out for perfect attendance for one year between the prize-giving diff.

Runes were given by the Junior Soldiers. The Anniversary Services were held on the Tuesday evening the Annual Young People's Work.

It is encouraging to note the numbers in attendance have increased from 190 last year to 295, with the Roll of 80. The Seniors have to seek quarters elsewhere.

Every afternoon, as the Junior Soldiers are awarded out. Classes are now being held upstairs. Many of our people are taking a firm stand and it is very encouraging to see that so many of the Workers who have passed through the Corps.

Retraced Her Steps

Initiation Seeker Convicted of Turns Back to Claim Salvation. Captain Hunter and Lieut. Langhlin. Recently we were visited from Captain Morris. Meetings were of great blessing. The previous Sunday night a girl left the Meeting under conviction on her way home to the Love or heart, and she returned to claim she claimed Salvation.—E.]

Young People's Annual at Calgary I

Brigadier Sims Conducts Splendid Series of Gatherings—Nineteen Junior Soldiers Enrolled—Eight Seekers—Encouraging Increases

Captain and Mrs. Collier. For the Young People's Annual we were delighted to have with us Brigadier Sims, Territorial Y.P. Secretary, this occasion also being the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Junior work. Commencing with a bright Meeting on the Saturday night God was with us. In the Holiness Service on the Sunday morning several of the Corps Cadets took an active part.

In the afternoon the Young People, under Sergt.-Major Lewin, had full charge and in spite of the usual afternoon service in the Strand Theatre with the Citadel Band in attendance a splendid crowd assembled in the No. 1 Hall. Brigadier Sims was chairman. Songs were given by the tiny tots from the Primary Dept., also short talks by the Guard Leader, Dorothy Braund, Sunbeam Leader Madge Fraser and Chum Leader Fred Garnett, who represented both Chums and Scouts, the Scout Leader, Bill Irwin, being with the Senior Band. Each of these leaders spoke on the object of their organization, making an appeal for the young to live up to the standards required of them and also invited others to join. Promotion Certificates were presented to the children who have been transferred from the Cradle Roll to the Primary, also from the Primary to the Company Meeting, numbering 20 in all.

An interesting part of the program was the Birthday Box. Among those putting in their coppers was Mother Shaw who placed 89 therein. The Birthday Song was sung, following which our aged Comrade was presented with a plant by one of the Juniors.

A beautiful sight to witness at the close of the afternoon was the enrolment of nineteen Junior Soldiers.

Prior to this happy gathering the Guards and Sunbeams had marched to the Open-Air and caused much attention through the streets. What a procession they made, only organized such a short time ago and yet what a number and looking so smart and trim in their neat uniforms.

In the Salvation Meeting conducted by the Brigadier the efforts were fittingly crowned by eight souls seeking the Saviour.

On the Monday night a large crowd was in attendance for the Annual Prize-giving, when some 225 books were presented to the boys and girls. Eleven Illuminated Certificates of Merit were given to those who for three years have attended the Morning Directory Class without missing, also ten were given out for perfect morning attendance for one year. In between the prize-giving different things were given by the Juniors.

The Anniversary Services were concluded on the Tuesday evening with the Annual Young People's Workers' Tea, which was a pleasant gathering.

It is encouraging to note that the numbers in attendance have increased from 100 last year to 295, with a Cradle Roll of 20. The Seniors have had to seek quarters elsewhere for Sunday afternoons, as the Junior Hall is crowded out. Classes are now being held upstairs. Many of our Young People are taking a firm stand for God and it is very encouraging to note that so many of the Workers are those who have passed through our Junior Corps.

Retraced Her Steps

Antietam Seeker Convicted of Sin Turns Back to Claim Salvation
Captain Hunter and Lieutenant Laughlin. Recently we were favored with a visit from Captain Morrison when the Meetings were of great blessing. On the previous Sunday night a young woman left the Meeting in a conviction of sin on her way home the Lord spoke to her heart, and she returned to the Hall where she claimed Salvation.—E.E.L.

IN THE CHINESE WAR ZONE

Salvation Army Officers Caring for Wounded Men of Marshal Feng's Army — Captain Grace Hoddinott Gives Intimate Glimpse of Her Experiences

SOON after hostilities opened between Peking and Tien-tsin (North China), it came to the knowledge of Commissioner Pearce, the Army's Territorial Commander, that large numbers of wounded soldiers were arriving at Nan Yuan, and there was great need for supplementary medical assistance.

He accordingly got into touch with

the Salvation Army, along with several other organizations, volunteered to look after the medical side of affairs, consequently if you had happened to fly over Nan Yuan in your aeroplane you might have seen me with a white apron on doing things I certainly never dreamed of doing, such as running a ribbon bandage down a bullet

The "Win One More" Campaign

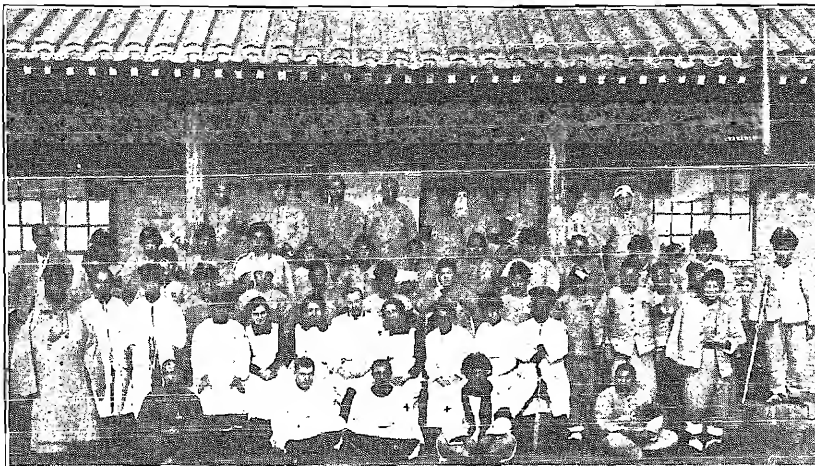
(Continued from page 7)

ants. The Salvation Meeting was led by Captain S. Biro, and the address was delivered by Ensign Sharp, this being most helpful.

At this Corps the "Win One More" Campaign has resulted in five recruits who will shortly be enrolled as Soldiers.

Three Soldiers at Selkirk

Captain Coombs. On Sunday last Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Coombs and Captain Garnett were with us, and their presence was much appreciated. In the morning the Colonel dedicated to



Dr. Swain, nurses and assistants with some of the wounded soldiers of Marshal Feng's army. Captain Grace Hoddinott will be seen seated next but one to the doctor.

the authorities, and, in company with the Chief Secretary (Lt.-Col. Barnott) and Dr. Swain, visited Nan Yuan to see for himself what was really needed. As a result the Doctor, assisted by Captain (Nurse) Rains, Captains Waters, Hoddinott, and Ecott, together with several Cadets, was given charge of several wards, with accommodation for about 250 patients. At first those they treated were not badly wounded, but later more serious casualties arrived.

The men mostly belong to Marshal Feng's army, and it is of interest to learn that all who come in contact with these soldiers are impressed with their good behavior and the noticeable lack of bad language amongst them.

Captain Beney, of Tai An Fu, writes that all the missionaries of that city were engaged in caring for the wounded. Both Captain and Mrs. Beney are trained nurses, and their skilled assistance has been highly appreciated.

Adjutant Cheesman, of Jen Ch'iu Hsien, has also been busily engaged in similar service, which he was asked to undertake by some of the leading men of the city.

Writing to a comrade Officer in Canada, Captain Grace Hoddinott thus relates some of her experiences since going to China: "I was sent out to the base hospital for General Feng's army to help look after the soldier boys there. This place was very badly organized and soldiers were dying

place, putting a gauze drain in the wound where an eye used to be, running a plugging in one side of a boy's arm and pulling it out on the other side, dressing a foot from which the toes had been removed, in fact, dressing wounds in all sorts of places. We have about two hundred men to look after with our own Doctor and nurse. A Chinese orderly looks after their ordinary wants, food, etc., and we see to the dressings. Just imagine! It certainly is a great experience. I never saw such sights in my life before.

"I do wish you could be here. Of course it is very different from home, and there are many inconveniences, but it certainly has a charm all of its own for me, and I think would have for you as well. We are very comfortable here at the language school. The language is coming along slowly. I have not had much of it. First there were the Christmas activities and then the work with the Soldier boys. I don't know whether I told you before that we live right next to the Training Garrison, and I often hear the Cadets singing at prayers and lectures, and also hear them as they come in from their Corps. It all brings back old memories and the happy times we had together in the Canada West Training Garrison.

"There are some very nice people here who have made me feel very much at home, especially the Canadians. We are just like one big family."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COUNCILS

will be conducted by

THE COMMISSIONER

AT EDMONTON Sat.-Mon. March 20-22

God the infant daughter of Brother and Sister Hall. Mrs. Coombs gave the address, and this was a real blessing to our souls. In the afternoon the Colonel and Mrs. Coombs visited the Company Meeting and were given a hearty welcome by the children. The Salvation Meeting at night was a very happy and blessed time. Captain Garnett and Coombs rendered a duet, "The City Poursquare," and the Colonel enrolled three Comrades as Soldiers under the Army Flag. His address following this was an earnest appeal to the unsaved. The Colonel also made an earnest appeal on behalf of the General's Birthday Scheme—we believe with good results.

The previous Thursday evening the Winnipeg II Band journeyed down to Selkirk, and gave us a very much appreciated program. The occasion was that of the annual Prize Distribution, and it was a happy time for all concerned, especially the young people. We are very grateful to the Band for their help, and their interest in our Corps.—N.M.

WINNIPEG I BAND

On Saturday, March 6, the Winnipeg Citadel Band lent a helping hand to the Scandinavian Corps. A crowded Hall greeted the Bandsmen, and the program, which was presided over by Pastor Gundersfeldt of the Swedish Baptist Church, was much enjoyed. The Band items were mostly pieces including national airs of the various Scandinavian countries. Adjutant Davies and Ensign Haynes contributed two very choice duets, and C.C. Ebba Larson recited a poem in Swedish, all of which items were heartily applauded.—J.R.W.

A Silver Tea will take place at the St. James Corps Hall on Wednesday afternoon, March 17th, from 2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. Mrs. Commissioner Rich will preside at the evening when a program will be given on behalf of the Life-Saving Chum Brigade.



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STRONG IN THE LORD AND THE POWER OF HIS MIGHT!

Met at the Penitent-Form

Unaware of Each Other's Presence
Husband and Wife Volunteer for
Salvation—Calgary Citadel "All
Day with God" Results in
Eight Seekers

Captain and Mrs. Collier. On Sunday, Feb. 21, an "All Day with God" was held in the Citadel when there was a real spiritual feast. During the day there were twenty-two periods with various Comrades in charge, several of these being converts and Young People who have of late taken their stand in our ranks. On the Friday night previous in "Three hours at the Cross" God came very near to the sixty Comrades who met together. This Meeting was also divided into periods, one of these being for the conviction of the unsaved who attended the Sunday night Meeting. God truly answered prayer for on the Sunday night the convicting Spirit was at work with the result that six precious souls volunteered to the Mercy-Seat. Two others followed before the Meeting closed. Among the volunteers were husband and wife, neither one knowing the other was in the Meeting.

In the Holiness Meeting we were pleased to have Ensign Stewart of the Edmonton Men's Social Department with us, also Adjutant Waterston who has been appointed to the Men's Social work in this city. In the Salvation Meeting the Adjutant and his wife were given a warm welcome. Mrs. Waterston spoke and the Adjutant gave the address.

At the regular monthly Meeting of the League of Mercy a backslider returned to the Fold, who had been long prayed for, and at the Thursday night Meeting conducted by the Band there was one case of conversion.—F.E.S.

A Melfort Move

Sixteen Surrenders in Answer to Prayer

The Meeting conducted here on Feb. 24 was led by Brother Gale, owing to the fact of Captain Patterson having left for Missionary Service. A blessed outpouring of God's Spirit was felt, and many answers to prayer were received. Before the Meeting was over sixteen Comrades had re-consecrated themselves to God's service, this including a number of young people.

Victoria, B.C.

Adjutant and Mrs. Junker. We were pleased to have Major Cummins from Vancouver for a Sunday's Meetings. All day there was a good attendance and the Major's Bible readings and addresses were messages of help to both God's people and the unsaved. At the morning Holiness Meeting the little son of Bandsman and Mrs. Green was dedicated to God and the Army by Adjutant Junker. The afternoon Meeting was given over for an hour to the Band and Songster Brigade who gave instrumental and vocal selections of Army music and song. Major Cummins read the Scripture lesson and gave a short address which held the attention of all present. At night the Citadel was crowded with people eager to hear the Major speak on his prison-war experiences. As the official Chaplain of Okalla Prison he was the spiritual advisor of two men, condemned to death, during their last hours. His message and appeal were given particularly to the young people present, but those of all ages who filled the Citadel listened in thoughtful silence, and we believe that seed was sown that will bring forth fruit in the years to come.—A.E.T.

Soul-Saving Campaign at Vancouver IV

Twenty-eight Adult and Thirty Junior Seekers—Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. McLean Lead On

Captain and Mrs. Capon. Waves of spiritual blessing swept over the Meetings conducted by Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. McLean during our recent Revival Campaign. The spirit of confession and earnestness among the Comrades and visits from Commandant and Mrs. Hanna, and Envoy and Mrs. McGill all contributed towards the success of the Campaign in which twenty-eight adult seekers and thirty Young People were registered. Our hearts

were cheered most by the surrender of a man who has been the subject of special prayer for some considerable time, having been a backslider for eighteen years. Led by his eldest son, (himself a young convert) it was a moving sight to see them kneeling together at the Penitent-Form. We much appreciate the assistance given by Comrades of the other City Corps, who came on different nights to help in the Campaign.

Campaign at Moose Jaw

Five Seekers—Sunbeam Brigade Enrolled at Y.P. Annual

Ensign and Mrs. Cubitt. The Campaign Meetings which have been held every night during the past week have proved a great blessing and inspiration to all. On Thursday night four seekers came forward—two for Salvation and two for Holiness—and on Friday night there was one seeker for Holiness.

Sunday was the Y.P. Annual. In the afternoon, the children and the Y.P. Workers occupied the platform and the various items rendered by them were greatly enjoyed. At night, following a large and rousing Open-Air, a good Salvation Meeting was held. On Monday night the Young People gave a Demonstration, which was followed by the Prize-giving. Bandmaster Probert was chairman. A very interesting feature of this gathering was the enrolment of the Sunbeam Brigade, this being done by the Ensign. The drills given by the Sunbeams were very good, and they gave a good account of themselves.—J. Dee.

Victory Through Faith

Prayer Answered at Neepawa When Nine Souls Surrender

Captain and Mrs. Bowles. On Saturday night, Feb. 20, the Comrades met together and had a good Prayer-Meeting. Our prayers were answered when, on the Sunday, three seekers found Salvation. Last Sunday this number was doubled when, at the close of the Salvation Meeting three adults and three young people were registered for Salvation. We praise God for victory through our faith.—Interested.

Portage La Prairie

Ensign and Mrs. McEachern. The Meetings on Sunday, February 21st, were well attended and full of inspiration. We were privileged to have with us Captain Patterson, who has since farewelled for Missionary Service. In the Salvation Meeting Y.P. S.-M. Mrs. Watters was called on for a few words. She related how she had followed the career of the Captain since the evening when he gave his heart to God in the Portage La Prairie Hall. Sergeant-Major Patterson, also spoke feelingly. The Captain's farewell message was one of inspiration and help to all as he spoke on "The Call of Duty."

We pray God will bless the Captain in his new sphere of labor.—C.C.

Chilliwack Cottage Meetings

Yield Five Souls and Much Blessing
Captain L. Roskelley and Lieutenant Christenson. We are having good Meetings here and experiencing much blessing at our Cottage Meetings. From twenty to thirty people gather each Friday night to spend some time in prayer, and last week the Holy Spirit was with us in great power as was manifested when five souls sought and found Salvation.

Husband, Wife and Daughter

Kneel at Mercy-Seat—Saskatoon II Converts Learn to Attack Enemy

Ensign and Mrs. Norberg. On Thursday, February 25, a great onslaught was made on the powers of evil. In the final Prayer-battle, three captures were made, husband, wife and little girl, all of one family. Our recent captures are now learning how to fight against their former master, the Devil, and are doing well.—J.A.P.

Attracted the Crowds

Two-week Campaign at Yorkton Brings Blessing—Three Seekers

Captain and Mrs. Yarett. Times of blessing have been experienced at Yorkton recently when Meetings were conducted every night for two weeks. Special marches were a feature of this effort, the Comrades carrying signs and announcing the Meetings through the megaphone. This attracted the crowds.

The last week of the Campaign was conducted by Major Merrett whose messages were of great blessing and inspiration. We rejoiced over three seekers.

Six New Soldiers

Wetaskiwin Advances to Victory
Captain Parkinson and Lieut. Morrison. God has been gracious to us lately. Our souls have been blessed, sinners have been saved, attendance at Open-Airs has increased and much

GOOD FOR THE GUARD

Adjutant Curry at the commencement of a special Revival Campaign recently held at the Winnipeg Citadel Corps requested the Comrades to spend at least five minutes of each day in prayer for the Campaign. Young People's Sergeant Major Black passed on the word to the Young People in the Company Meeting on the Sunday afternoon, and a few days after the following conversation was overheard between two Life-Saving Guards:

"Didn't you pray for five minutes every day for the Campaign?"

"Yes, did you?"

"Yes, I asked my teacher at Business College to excuse me sharp at noon each day and told her the reason why I wanted to go. Immediately she replied that I could go every day."

What an example is thus set by a young girl—and who knows the effect the incident may have on her teacher?—J.R.W.

interest created. Recently Staff-Captain Merrett paid us an appreciated visit and his message brought light and blessing to us.

On February 28 six new Soldiers were enrolled. We rejoice and praise God for victory.

Jail Governor

Gives Good Advice

Wednesday, March 3rd, the Young People's Meeting at the Winnipeg Social Corps was crowded out, 106 being present for the Annual Prize-giving. Governor Downey of the Provincial Jail kindly consented to take the chair for this occasion, and he gave the Young People some good advice, "How to keep out of Prison," after which he presented the prizes and certificates. The Life-Saving Guards during the evening gave a short program of music and song.

Life-Savers at Regina Citadel

Make Good Impression on First Appearance in Public

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey. Last weekend the Meetings were led by various Comrades, owing to the absence of the Adjutant who had sprained his leg. The Sunday Holiness Meeting was led by Mrs. Staff-Captain Tuttle, whose words on Holiness were most acceptable. Envoy Smith led an old-fashioned Testimony Meeting in the afternoon. At night Commandant Beattie was in charge. The Commandant gave a stirring address and during the Prayer-Meeting we had the joy of seeing one soul at the Mercy-Seat.

On the following Monday the Citadel was packed to the door when a Demonstration was given by the Young People. This was also the occasion of the first appearance of the Life-Saving Scouts, Guards, Chums, and Sunbeams, who made a very creditable impression on the audience. Staff-Captain Tuttle was Chairman and we were also privileged to have Staff-Captain Oake with us.—W.G.W.

Femie Steps Forward

Captain Stratton and Lieut. Corsie. On February 18-19 we were favored by a visit from Captain Morrison. The Thursday night Meeting was conducted by the Captain, assisted by Captain Mason of Cranbrook. Everyone enjoyed the Meeting, and we rejoiced over one backslider returning to the Fold. The Captain gave a lantern lecture on Friday, which was attended by over three hundred children; this was much appreciated.

Our Home League is doing well; we were encouraged last week by seeing fifteen members present. A Y.P. Salvation Meeting has been commenced, and this has been well attended. Corps Cadet Classes have also been started, with a good number attending.

Recently we rejoiced over souls seeking Salvation.—B.C.

Major Merrett at Melville

Captains Stocks and Shortland. We were recently favored with a most special Meetings conducted by Major Merrett. The Major's definite, clear-cut teachings along the lines of Holiness and spiritual development, left no doubt in our minds as to the Army standards. Conviction was felt in the Sunday Meetings and one sister rendered after a struggle. On the following Sunday a seeker came to consecrate himself, and a sinners sought Salvation.—A.S.

Repented With Tears

Hazleton Enjoys Native Envoy's Visit
Sergeant-Major Jacob Robinson. On Sunday, February 21, we had special Meetings all day. During the evening Meeting Envoy Peter Wale led a testimonial, and his penitential prayer was much enjoyed. Three came to the Mercy-Seat, including one young girl who repented of her sins with tears.—G.T.C.

The Win

Chapter XL

A NEW RESOLUTION

It was Friday afternoon, only a week or so after the coming of the Salvation Army, and the summer sun had just dipped its blazing orb behind the horizon. The day had been sultry. Harry Bell, with several of his constant cronies, had been keeping a case of beer in the saloon and its cooling effect was a relief. At present they were sitting on the bench at the front of "Two Bills' Place," the biggest and most prominent saloon on Main Street.

The members of the railroad crews were to this particular grog shop, and as quitting time came around they invariably made their way here before going home to supper. This night was no exception, and from the interior came the hoisterous laughter and the familiar clatter of glasses and bottles. "Two Bills' Place" was a thriving business, as usual.

Harry had been drinking freely during the day, and he had also his companions, and they were in a tipsy condition of both mind and body. They



Laughter and witticism were heard on all sides as the few blue-clad champions of the Cross came into view."

been indiscriminately hashing over the topics of town gossip, adding a detail to again to give spice to the conversation or an outburst of laughter, and after a bit of thought and talk turned to the subject of Salvation Army and its advent to town.

"They're nothin' but a pack of crazy old men," commented old man Spigot, whom everyone called "Rusty," because of his characteristic shaggy whiskers and who for years had dropped the coffers of the saloon-keepers of the meager doles which his wife allowed him to hard-earned returns from a small laundry that kept her and her little family from starvation. It had been so long since he did an honest day's work that most of his acquaintances had left the town entirely. He was generally considered a shifty by the majority of those who knew him, although the few of his type who could be found in one or another of the barroom town looked upon him as possessing common sense and worldly wisdom and listened to what he had to say.

Drum Stirs up the Troughs

"They call it church I call it rough house," aiming a squirt of tobacco juice between the boards of the walk, and with the skill of much practical experience, he was not far from the truth. "Nothing respectable nor harmonious. The street is a disgrace to a decent community, and that Captain's pious get is an insult to music. I'd run this town if I was the Mayor, at least I'd keep their meetin'-hall and not disturb with their racket."

"So," agreed Will Rogers, another of the saloon-keepers, who was considered sharp of the gambling about the county. "Never were there anything should be done in this town. I will get the upper hand and then show far they will go with the relief."

"You hear the slap the Capt. against the saloons and booze and gambling of filth and wickedness, as he calls their meetin' they had the other night."

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The Winding Trail

By C. D. B.

Chapter XL A NEW RESOLUTION

It was Friday afternoon, only a week or so after the coming of the Salvation Army, and the torrid summer sun had just dipped its blazing red face behind the horizon. The day had been sultry, and Harry Bell, with several of his constant cronies in audience and gambling, had been keeping within a close radius of the saloon and its cooling draughts since morning. At present they were sitting on the bench at the front of "Two Bills' Place," the biggest and most prominent saloon on Main Street. The members of the railroad crews were partial to this particular grog shop, and as quitting time came around they invariably made their way to its bar before going home to supper. This night was no exception, and from the interior came the sound of hoisterous laughter and the familiar clink of glasses and bottles. "Two Bills' Place" was doing a thriving business, as usual.



Harry had been drinking freely during the day, as had also his companions, and they were in a tipsy condition of both mind and body. They had

This from the bartender, Pat O'Doole, who had at that moment come into view in the doorway. "Yes, Pat," Spigot returned with a laugh. "You'll have to be movin' or gettin' some other line o' business if we permit this Army to run the town, as it 'pears they intend doin'." It looks bad for th' whole lot of us. No saloons no drinks, boys, and don't forget it. But we can't have that."

"Don't let it worry you, Rusty," the bartender replied. "The boss and the other saloon proprietors of this town have only to say the word and the cops'll be marchin' the whole Army to the calaboose. Boy, an' wouldn't I like to be on hand to see that parade!" And with an oath and a laugh he turned back to his bar.

"An' me too," added old Spigot. "Th' sooner th' better, 's what I say."

"How about a little game there, Bell?" broke in Rogers. "You seem mighty silent all of a sudden. Heard you was up to meetin' with th' new Army folks th' other Sunday. So? You're sure gettin' powerful religious if their style o' worship appeals to you."

"Don't you worry about me, Rogers," Harry returned, accompanying his irritated thrust with a few curt expressions that would not look good in print. "I'll take a lot of most any kind of religion to make an impression on either of us, or old Spigot here, either. Come on in if you want to play. I'm tired of sittin' around doin' nothin', anyway. Let's go."

They rose and left "Rusty" Spigot to chew his quid alone, and, rounding up several others from the bar, soon had a game in progress.

For some time they amused themselves with penny ante, but a quarter limit was suggested after the game had developed full momentum, and Harry and Rogers being the best players, it soon became quite interesting as well as lucrative for them.

In spite of the fact that out of doors twilight had only begun to fall the large hanging lamps of the saloon were all alight and seemed to be challenging their reflections in the long mirrors behind the bar to a contest as to which could give forth the most light. Business continued to increase both at the bar and the long row of tables, and the laughter and joking became an hilarious uproar. It was pay-day at the shops and money flowed freely, as it always did on such occasions.

Salvationists Pass in Review

As the last red rays of the sun were transforming the western sky into a blaze of crimson and golden glory, there was heard above the din in the saloon the piercing note of a cornet and the boom, boom of a bass drum. The laughing and talking suddenly ceased, and for a brief second silence reigned in the barroom. Then came the voice of old Spigot at the door.

"Hey, boys, 'ere comes our conquerin' hobos! Fall out an' see the troops on review." And Spigot laughed at his vulgar jest, and a number of the customers of the place trooped to the door and out onto the sidewalk to watch the little band of Salvationists march past to their Open-Air stand.

Laughter and witticism were heard on all sides as the few blue-clad champions of the Cross came into view, headed by the star-embazoned banner which they always carried when on parade, after which came the big drum and the two or three instrumentalists that made up the band.

The cornet stopped as they came near the entrance of the saloon, and above the rhythmic beat

Laughter and witticism were heard on all sides as the few blue-clad champions of the Cross came into view."

been indiscriminately hashing over the numerous topics of town gossip, adding a detail now and again to give spice to the conversation or provoke an outburst of laughter, and after a bit the train of thought and talk turned to the subject of the Salvation Army and its advent to town.

"They're nothin' but a pack o' crazy hoodlums," commented old man Spigot, whom everyone called "Rusty," because of his characteristic short crop of red whiskers and who for years had dropped into the coffers of the saloon-keepers of the town the meager doles which his wife allowed him from her hard-earned returns from a little laundry business that kept her and her little family from starvation. It had been so long since he did an honest day's work that most of his acquaintances had forgotten the event entirely. He was generally considered shiftless by the majority of those who knew him, although the few of his type who could usually be found in one or another of the barrooms of the town looked upon him as possessing considerable sagacity and worldly wisdom and listened with respect to all he had to say.

Drum Stirs up the Troughs

"If they call it church I call it rough house," he went on, aiming a squirt of tobacco juice at a crack between the boards of the walk, and hitting his stick with the skill of much practise. "It's nothin' but a pack o' crazy hoodlums. Their drum-beatin' on the street is a disgrace to any peaceful, decent community, and that Captain's playin' on his cornet is an insult to music. I'd run 'em out o' town if I was the Mayor, at least I'd make 'em keep to their meetin'-hall and not disturb the whole town with their racket."

"-I so," agreed Will Rogers, another of those who were known by his wits and who was considered the sharpest of the gambling profession throughout the county. "Never were truer words spoken. Something should be done immediately, or I'll get the upper hand and then no one can tell how far they will go with their insane religion."

"If you hear the slap the Captain made against the saloons and booze and gambin' and all manner of filth and wickedness, as he calls it, in the next meetin' they had the other night?"

Golden Words from the Book of Experience

Is an interesting feature of the EASTER "WAR CRY"

We asked a number of women Staff Officers to give us the sayings or watch-words which have had a special influence on their lives or which have helped them in crises.

The responses are interesting and inspiring, the scraps of mental and spiritual experience and testimony linking the quotations giving glimpses into chapters often left out of more conventional biographies.

Get the Easter "War Cry." It contains many other articles which will interest and bless you.

of the drum came the sound of singing as they joined their voices in the refrain:

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord, Or you can't go to Heaven when you die!" Several of those who had turned out to see them followed to the street meeting, but the majority came back to their playing or drinking, and for some time the little march formed the main topic of joke and ridicule.

Darkness had fallen when the Salvationists returned from their stand on the street, and again the saloon belched forth its customers to see the parade. This time the song was different, and as again the playing stopped and the voices carried on with the chorus the words floated out on the still night air:

"Are you washed? Are you washed? Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb? Is your soul made ready for the mansions bright?"

Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?" Only an occasional remark was heard from the men in the barroom, and, after the procession had passed, one of Harry's companions at the gaming-table, an engineer who had known Harry for years, turned to him with, "Bell, you're a good subject for the Salvation Army."

This brought an outburst of laughter from the other members of the party. When it had subsided into a rippling titter, and Harry, in evident embarrassment, was searching for words in which to couch a retort, Rogers broke in with:

Bell a Mark for Jokers

"I overheard someone say that Bell attended the first Sunday's meetings with the Army. Who knows but he's joined 'em already and wants to keep it quiet."

Loud laughter again, and then the engineer slapped Harry across the shoulders and ejaculated, "Harry, you've been most everything but religious since I first met you, and if you've turned into a deacon lately it hasn't made much change in you, I must say. Better get another dip."

This thrust occasioned a fresh outburst of mirth and Harry, drunk as a lord and greatly irritated, threw down his cards and left the table.

"Don't worry about me," he said, as he staggered to his feet. "There ain't none o' you birds that's got more religion than you need."

Ambling to the bar he ordered whiskey. He had netted considerable in the playing and with a load of booze on already that was almost as much as he could carry with safety, he felt himself a millionaire in spite of his tattered clothes, broken shoes and the filthiness of his body, which had not had a decent washing for an indeterminate period.

The bartender poured out a glass for him and then stood holding the bottle, while he silently



Harry contemplated the contents of the glass in his hand, while he rolled the ragged end of a cigar between his teeth.

looked at Harry's bloated features, bloodshot eyes, and dilapidated appearance in general. "Bell," he remarked, "booze is killin' you an' no mistake."

Harry did not answer, but contemplated the contents of the glass in his hand, while he rolled the ragged end of a cigar between his teeth and occasionally munched the large wad of tobacco that bulged his cheek out of proportion. For several moments he stood immobile except for the involuntary chewing on the cigar butt, and then deliberately removed the butt and threw it with some force into the spittoon at his feet. The quid of tobacco followed, and then, slowly replacing the untouched liquor upon the bar, he said:

"Pat, I've had my last drink. I'm through!" Drunk to such a degree that he could not even make the distance to the door without colliding with tables and chairs, Harry finally made his way to the street and disappeared, leaving the bartender and those who had stood near looking after him, some smiling in sarcastic amusement and others pitying him in silence.

(To be continued)

Campaign at Lacombe

Rouses Town and Attracts Large
Crowds—Seven Seekers

Captain Calder and Lieut. Bradley. The Comrades looked forward with much anticipation to the visit of Commandant Carroll, and their expectations were not in vain. The Commandant was accompanied by Staff-Captain Merritt. On the Saturday evening of their arrival a splendid supper was provided, after which Doctor Sharp and the Deputy-Mayor spoke words of welcome to the visitors. Great interest had been aroused in the town and a large hall was taken for Sunday afternoon and night. The crowds that gathered exceeded our highest anticipations. The Spirit of God moved mightily in our midst during the Meetings as eternal truths were delivered, and six seekers knelt at the Mercy-Seat.

On the Monday a large crowd gathered for the Meeting and at the close a dear woman who had hardened her heart towards God because of the death of her son in France, was utterly broken down and came weeping to God for pardon. She went home rejoicing because she had at last decided to let God have His way.

The extra Meetings that are being held, the Open-Airs, the Cottage Meetings, are all causing great interest, and we believe that before the finish of the Campaign great things will be done in the name of our Saviour.

Lethbridge

Adjutant and Mrs. H. Jones. On Thursday, March 4, Staff-Captain Merritt paid his first visit to Lethbridge and received a hearty welcome. The Staff-Captain delivered an appropriate address on "Obedience and Faith," which was much appreciated by the large and attentive audience, as were a number of selections given by him on his concertina. Prior to this a number of the Comrades made welcome speeches, among them being C.S.M. Mundy, Bandmaster Hardy and Y.P.S.-M. Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Adjutant Jones spoke on behalf of the Sister-Comrades of the Corps.—J.E.C.

Vancouver Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton. On Sunday morning, Adjutant Acton spoke on the need of a firm faith in God. At night again he delivered the message with earnestness, warning the large crowd to prepare for the Day of Judgment. Great was our joy when, in the Prayer-Meeting, we saw, among a number of other seekers, a former Bandsman making his way to the Mercy-Seat.

At the Monday night Meeting the young people, led on by Sisters Lowe and Mrs. Hodgson and Bandsman Bradbury, gave interesting talks on the work in which they are engaged day after day, drawing several lessons of benefit therefrom.—A.K.A.

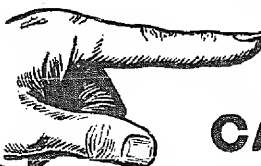
Welcome to The Pas

Captain and Mrs. Hill. We have welcomed Captain and Mrs. Hill to our Corps, this taking place on Sunday, Feb. 21, when we had really good Meetings all day. On Monday, Feb. 22, the Soldiers and their families met our new Officers at a Welcome Supper. Several Comrades spoke on behalf of the different branches of the Corps and expressed their pleasure in having the privilege of welcoming Captain and Mrs. Hill to The Pas.—E.F.J.

North Vancouver

Captain Halvorsen and Lieutenant Wiseman. Our Young People's Annual was a great success. On Sunday the Young People took an active part in all the Meetings. In the Salvation Meeting Lieutenant Wiseman travelled for a new field of labor. We pray that God will go with him. On Monday the Annual Prize-Distribution took place, and the children gave a pleasing Demonstration before a crowded audience. Mr. Woodman was the chairman for the occasion.

Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there.



NOTE THESE EVENTS!

CALGARY

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24th

Opening of New Maternity Hospital by

THE COMMISSIONER

GOOD FRIDAY

A DAY AT THE CROSS

Winnipeg Citadel 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Illustrated Lecture 'Calvary Love
in Action' 7 p.m.

EASTER SUNDAY

Kensington Theatre, St. James 11 a.m., 3 & 7 p.m.

EASTER MONDAY

Special Meeting in Isaac Brock School

THE COMMISSIONER in command supported by
the Chief Secretary and T.H.Q. Staff

THE "EASTER WAR CRY"

We note further gratifying increases in the orders for this special number. The following Corps have advanced over last year, as far as our present information goes:

Brandon (Field Major Hoddinott)	1000 to 1500
Winnipeg V (Ensign Mundy)	800 to 1000
Kamloops (Captain Grey)	400 to 600
Portage la Prairie (Ensign McEachern)	600 to 700
Virden (Captain Tanner)	300 to 400
Indian Head (Captain M. Smith)	700 to 800
Maple Creek (Captain G. Jones)	350 to 400
Melville (Captain A. Stocks)	250 to 300
Nelson (Captain I. Watt)	450 to 500
Kenora (Captain Thierstein)	400 to 425

The total orders for the Territory are as follows, thus establishing another record circulation for this number:

Southern B.C. Div.	9,794	Women's Social Dept.	200
Northern B.C. Div.	1,541	Training Garrison	1,575
Alberta Div.	12,050	Annual Subscribers	125
Southern Sask. Div.	8,375	Immigration Dept.	275
Northern Sask. Div.	7,350		
Manitoba Div.	15,075		
Men's Social Dept.	775	Total	57,135

TRADE ANNOUNCEMENT

OPENING OF STORE IN VANCOUVER

Another manifestation of the Commissioner's interest has been shown by opening up a Trade Department in Vancouver. A Store has been opened at 16 Kingsway for the special benefit of all Salvationists in B.C. Envoy Mrs. Bailey is in charge, and all correspondence should be sent to her at the above address. We are prepared to supply all your needs for the Spring and Summer. Send in your orders for uniform as soon as possible.

SALVATION ARMY LITERATURE

The Trade Department handles all Salvation Army Literature, and Officers cannot get better material for their work than what they will find in these books. The Year Book has arrived; the price is 50c. No Officer can afford to be without one. We can also supply you with any book you desire. If we do not have them in stock we can order them for you from the publishers at current prices.

EASTER ENVELOPES

We have some special Easter Envelopes at 80c. per hundred. We know of one Corps at which the regular collection was \$2.00. Last Easter they used special Envelopes and received \$20.00. This will be a help to you financially. Order at once, as we only have a limited number.

BIBLES

We have this week received a shipment of Bibles. We can supply you with any kind of a Bible you require. Write us for particulars.

THE TRADE DEPARTMENT
315 Carlton Street
Winnipeg

Coming Events

Colonel Miller

(CHIEF SECRETARY)

Regina Sat.-Mon., Apr. 10-12
(Young People's Councils)

LT.-COLONEL COOMBS

*Brandon Sat., Sun., Mar. 20, 21
*Dauphin Sat., Sun., Mar. 27, 28
*Neepawa Mon., Mar. 29
*Winnipeg I Fri., April 2
*Winnipeg V Sat., April 3
*Winnipeg I Mon., April 4
*Mrs. Coombs will accompany.

LT.-COLONEL McLEAN

New Westminster Sun.-Thurs., Mar. 21-25
Nanaimo Sun.-Wed., Mar. 28-31

BRIGADIER SIMS

(Young People's Secretary)

Edmonton Sat.-Mon., Mar. 20-22
Regina Sat.-Mon., April 10-12
(Young People's Day)
Regina II Tues., April 13
Indian Head Wed., April 14
Swift Current Thurs., April 15
Maple Creek Fri., April 16
Lethbridge Sat.-Mon., April 17-19
Shaunavon Wed., April 21
Weyburn Fri., April 23
Estevan Sat.-Mon., April 24-26

STAFF-CAPTAIN MERRITT

Edmonton Sat., Sun., Mar. 20, 21
(Y.P. Councils)
Edmonton Sun., Mon., Mar. 28, 29

COMMANDANT CARROLL

High River Mar. 20 to 26
Lethbridge Mar. 27 to April 2

Picked Up

(Continued from page 6)

Captain and Mrs. Tanner will not now be proceeding on Missionary service. Owing to the illness of their child, it was felt that the risk of travel would be too great. They will now be returning to the Virden Corps.

Ensign Yetman and Lieut. Young, who have been in charge of Calgary II, have been granted a furlough on account of ill health.

Word has been received at T.H.Q. that Captain Ada Irwin has safely reached Seoul, Korea.

Ensign J. Harrington, of the Finance Dept., T.H.Q., has been successful in gaining a diploma for a three-year correspondence course in Higher Accountancy (La Salle University). Congratulations, Ensign!

The eldest brother of Major Allen, T.H.Q., recently passed away at St. John, N.B. We extend condolences to our Comrade.

A branch of the Trade Department has been opened at 16 Kingsway, Vancouver, B.C., with Envoy Mrs. Bailey in charge. Salvationists on the Mainland and also on Vancouver Island have expressed their appreciation of this innovation.

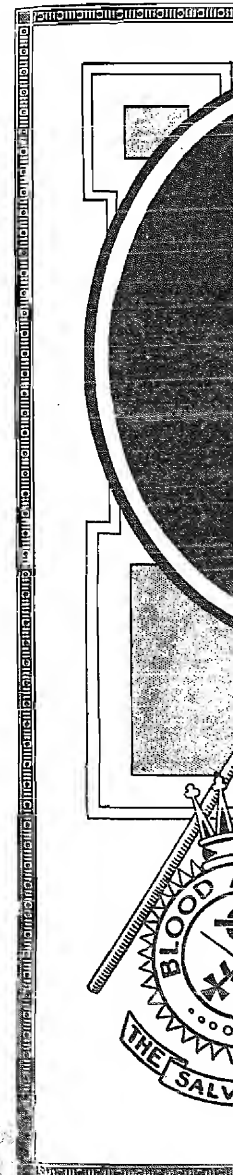
The daily routine of the Training Garrison on Monday last was given more than usual interest by special references to the General's Seventieth Birthday. Appropriate songs were sung, helpful extracts read from the General's books, and great enthusiasm was manifested through the day. Major Carter, Training Principal, commenced a series of Lectures on "Army-Making."

What promises to be one of the most interesting Demonstrations ever featured by the Cadets of the Training Garrison, will be given at the Winnipeg Citadel on Monday evening March 22 at 8 p.m. The title of the Demonstration is "A Day in the Training Garrison." The proceeds will go to the General's Birthday Scheme.



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